

ARABIAN NIGHTS
Entertainments:
Consisting of
One Thousand and One
STORIES
TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a bloody Vow he had made, to marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

CONTAINING

A better Account of the Cuſtoms, Manners and Religion of the *Eastern Nations*, viz. *Tartars*, *Persians*, and *Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS.*

By M. GALLAND,

Of the Royal Academy; and now done into *English*, from the laſt *Paris* Edition.

VOL. VIII.

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ARABIAN NIGHTS

Entertainments.

VOL. VIII.

The History of Ganem, Son to Abou Ayoub, and known by the Surname of Love's Slave.

SIR, said *Scheherazade* to the *Sultan of India*, there was formerly a Merchant at *Damascus*, who had by Care and Industry acquir'd great Wealth, on which he liv'd in a very honourable Manner. His Name was *Abou Ayoub*, and he had one Son and a Daughter. The Son was at first call'd *Ganem*, but afterwards had the Surname of *Love's Slave*. He was graceful as to his Person, and the excellent natural Qualities of his Mind had been improv'd by able Masters his Father had taken care to provide him. The Daughter's Name was *Alcolomb*, signifying *Ravisher of Hearts*, because her Beauty was so accomplish'd, that whosoever saw, could not chuse but love her.

Abou Ayoub died, and left immense Riches : An hundred Loads of Brocades, and
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other Silks that lay in his Ware-house, were the least Part of it. The Loads were ready made up, and on every Bale was writ in large Characters, *For Bagdat*.

Mohammed, the Son of *Soliman*, firnamed *Zinebi*, reigned at that Time in *Damascus*, the Capital of *Syria*. His Kinsman, *Haroun Alraschid*, whose Residence was at *Bagdat*, had bestow'd that Kingdom on him as tributary to him.

Soon after the Death of *Abou Ayoub*, *Ganem* discoursing with his Mother about their private Affairs, and amongst the rest concerning the Bales of Merchandize that lay in the Warehouse, ask'd her the Meaning of what was written upon each Bale. My Son, answer'd his Mother, your Father us'd to travel sometimes into one Province, and sometimes into another; and it was customary with him, before he set out, to write the Name of the City he design'd to repair to, on every Bale. He had provided all Things to take a Journey to *Bagdat*, and was upon the point of setting forwards, when Death—She had not the Power to proceed any further; the lively Remembrance of the Loss of her Husband, would not permit her to say any more, and drew from her a Shower of Tears.

Ganem could not see his Mother so sensibly affected, without relenting. Thus they continu'd some time in Silence; but at length he recover'd himself, and as soon as he found his Mother calm enough to listen to him, he directed his Discourse to her,

her, and said ; Since my Father design'd these Goods for *Bagdat*, and is no longer in being, to put his Design in Execution, I will prepare myself to perform that Journey ; and I am of Opinion it will be proper for me to expedite my Departure, for fear those Commodities should perish, or at least that we lose the Opportunity of selling them to the best Advantage.

Abou Ayoub's Widow, who tenderly lov'd her Son, was much surpriz'd at his Resolution, and reply'd, My dear Child, I cannot but commend you for designing to follow your Father's Example ; but consider, that you are too young, unexperienc'd and altogether a Stranger to the Toils of travelling. Besides, can you think of leaving me, and by that means add to that Sorrow with which I am already oppress'd ? Is it not better to sell those Goods to the Merchants of *Damascus*, and to take up with a moderate Profit, than to expose yourself to the Danger of perishing ?

It was in vain for her to oppose *Ganem's* Resolution by the strongest Arguments, for they had no Weight with him. An Inclination to travel, and to accomplish himself by a thorough Knowledge of the Affairs of the World, egg'd him on to set out, and prevail'd above all his Mother's Remonstrances, her Intreaties, and even her Tears. He went away to the Market where the Slaves are sold ; bought such as were able of Body, hired 100 Camels,

and having furnish'd all other Necessaries, he enter'd upon his Journey, with five or six Merchants of *Damascus*, who were going to trade at *Bagdat*.

Those Merchants, attended by all their Slaves, and accompany'd by several other Travellers, made up such a considerable Caravan, that they had no occasion to fear the *Bedoins*, that is, the *Arabs*, who make it their only Profession to range the Country, and to attack and plunder the Caravans when they are not strong enough to repulse them. Thus they had no other Difficulty to encounter, but the usual Fatigues of a long Journey, which were easily forgot, when they saw the City of *Bagdat*, where they arriv'd in Safety.

They went to alight at the most magnificent and most resorted *Khan* in the City; but *Ganem*, who had a mind to be lodg'd conveniently, and by himself, took no Apartment there. He only left his Goods there in a Warehouse for their greater Security, and hir'd a very fine House in the Neighbourhood, richly furnish'd, having a Garden which was very delightful, on account of the many Water-Works, and shady Groves there were in it.

Some Days after this young Merchant had been settled in his House, and perfectly recover'd of the Fatigue of his Journey, he dress'd himself genteely, and repair'd to the publick Place, where the Merchants met to buy and sell their Commodities. A Slave fol-

follow'd him, carrying a Parcel of fine Stuffs and Silks.

The Merchants receiv'd *Ganem* very courteously, and their Syndic, or Chief, to whom he first made Application, took and bought all his Parcel, at the Price set down in the Ticket annex'd to every Piece of Stuff. *Ganem* continu'd his Trade so successfully, that he daily sold all the Goods he expos'd.

He had no more left but one Bale, which he had caus'd to be carry'd from the Warehouse to his own House, and then went to the publick Rendezvous, where he found all the Shops shut. This seem'd somewhat extraordinary to him, and having ask'd the Cause of it, was told, that one of the prime Merchants, whom he knew, was dead, and that all his Brother Traders were gone to his Funeral.

Ganem enquir'd after the Mosque, where the Ceremony was to be perform'd, and whence the Body was to be conducted to the Grave; and having been told it, sent back his Slave with the Goods, and walk'd towards the Mosque. He got thither before the Prayers were ended, which were said in a Hall hung with black Satin. The Corpse was taken up, and follow'd by the Kindred, the Merchants, and *Ganem*, to the Place of Burial, which was at a great Distance without the City. It was a Stone Structure, like a Dome, purposely built to receive the Bodies of all the Family of the Deceas'd, and being very small, they

had pitch'd Tents all about it, that all the Company might be shelter'd during the Ceremony. The Monument was open'd, and the Corpse laid into it, after which it was shut up again. Then the *Iman*, and other Ministers of the Mosque, sat down in a Ring on Carpets, in the largest Tent, and said the rest of the Prayers. They also read the Chapters of the *Alcoran*, appointed for the Burial of the Dead. The Kindred and Merchants sat round in the same manner, behind the Ministers.

It was near Night before all was ended: *Ganem*, who had not expected such a long Ceremony, began to be uneasy, and was the more so, when he saw Meat serv'd up, in Memory of the deceas'd, according to the Custom of *Bagdat*. He was also told that the Tents had not been set up only against the Heat of the Sun, but also against the Evening-Dew, because they should not return to the City before the next Morning. Those Words perplex'd *Ganem*; I am a Stranger, said he to himself, and have the Reputation of being a rich Merchant, Thieves may take the Opportunity of my Absence, and go rob my House. My very Slaves may be tempted to make their Advantage of so convenient a Time; they may run away with all the Gold I have receiv'd for my Goods, and whither shall I go look for them? His Head being full of these Thoughts, he eat a few Mouthfuls hastily, and dexterously slipp'd away from the Company.

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He made all possible haste to gain Time, but as it often happens, that the more a Man puts on, the less he advances, he mistook his Way, and went astray in the dark, so that it was near Midnight when he came to the City-Gate; and to add to this Misfortune, that was shut. That Disappointment was a fresh Affliction to him, and he was oblig'd to think of finding some convenient Place to pass the rest of the Night in, and wait till the Gate was open'd. He went into a Burial-Place, so very spacious, that it reach'd from the City to the very Place he was come from. He advanc'd to a Parcel of pretty high Walls, which enclos'd a small Field, being the peculiar Burial-Place of a Family, and in which there was a Palm-Tree. There was an infinite Number of other particular Burial-Places, the Doors whereof they did not take much care to shut fast. *Ganem* finding that the Burial-Place was open, went into it, and put to the Door after him. He lay down on the Grass, and did all he could to sleep; but the Uneasiness he was under for being absent from home, would not permit him. He got up, and after having pass'd by the Door several times, as he walk'd forward and backward, he open'd it, without knowing why he did so, and immediately perceiv'd a Light at a Distance, which seem'd to come towards him. He was startled at that Sight, put to the Door, which had nothing to make it fast but a Latch, and got up as fast as he could to the

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Top of the Palm-Tree ; looking upon that as the safest Retreat under his present Apprehensions.

No sooner was he got up, than by the help of the Light, which had frightened him, he plainly perceiv'd three Men, whom by their Habit he knew to be Slaves, come into the Burial-Place. One of them went foremost with a Lanthorn, and the two others follow'd him, being loaded with a Chest, between five and six Foot long, which they carry'd on their Shoulders. They laid it down, and then one of the three Slaves said to his Comrades, Brothers, if you will be advis'd by me, we will leave the Chest here, and return to the City. No, no, reply'd another, that is not the way of doing what we were order'd by our Mistress ; we may have Cause to repent not doing as we were commanded. Let us bury the Chest, since we are so enjoin'd to do : The two other Slaves comply'd with him ; they began to break Ground with the Tools they had brought for that purpose. When they had made a deep Trench, they put the Chest into it, and cover'd it with the Earth they had taken out ; then departed and returned home.

Ganem, who from the Top of the Palm-Tree, had heard every Word the Slaves had spoken, could not tell what to think of that Adventure. He concluded that Chest must needs contain something of Value, and that the Person to whom it belong'd, had some particular Reasons for causing it

to be bury'd in that Church-yard. He resolv'd immediately to satisfy his Curiosity, came down from the Palm-Tree, his Fear being gone with the Slaves, and fell to work upon the Pit, plying his Hands and Feet so well, that in a short time he discover'd the Chest, but found it secur'd with a great Padlock. This new Obstacle to the satisfying of his Curiosity, was no small Mortification to him, yet he would not be discourag'd, but the Day beginning then to appear, he saw several great Pebbles about the Burial-Place. He pick'd out one, with which he easily knock'd off the Padlock, and then, with much Impatience, open'd the Chest. *Ganem* was strangely surpriz'd, when instead of finding Money in it, he discover'd a young Lady of incomparable Beauty. Her fresh and rosy Complexion, and her gentle regular Breathing, satisfy'd him that she was alive, but he could not conceive, why, if she were only asleep, she had not awak'd at the Noise he made in forcing off the Padlock. Her Habit was so costly, with Bracelets and Pendants of Diamonds, and a Necklace of true Pearl, and so large, that he made not the least Doubt of her being one of the prime Ladies about the Court. At the Sight of so beautiful an Object, not only natural Inclination to relieve Persons in Danger, but also something more powerful, which *Ganem* could not then give an Account of, prevail'd on him to afford that young Beauty all the Assistance he was able.

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He first shut the Gate of the Burial-Place, which the Slaves had left open ; then returning, took the Lady in his Arms out of the Chest, and laid her on the soft Earth he had thrown off the said Chest. As soon as the Lady was laid down, and had the Benefit of the open Air, she sneez'd, and having made a Motion in turning her Head, there came from her Mouth a Liquor, which seem'd to have been offensive to her Stomach ; then opening and rubbing her Eyes, she with such a Voice as charm'd *Ganem*, whom she did not see, cry'd out, *Zchorob Bestan, Schragrom Matglon, Castabos Souccar, Nouron Nihar, Nigmatos Sobi, Nour Hatos Zoman*, why do not you answer ? where are you ? Those were the Names of six Female Slaves that us'd to wait on her, and signify'd *Flower of the Garden, Branch of Coral, Sugar Cane, Light of the Day, Morning Star, and Delight of the Season*. She call'd them, and wonder'd that no body answer'd ; but at length looking about, and perceiving she was in a Burial-Place, she was in a mighty Fright. How now, cry'd she, much louder than before, is this the Resurrection of the Dead ? Is the Day of Judgment come ? What a wonderful Change is this from Night to Morning ?

Ganem did not think fit to leave the Lady any longer in that Confusion, but immediately appear'd before her with all possible Respect, and in the most courteous manner, Madam, said he, I am scarce able

ble to express my Joy, for having happen'd to be here to do you the Service I have done, and for being present to offer you all the Assistance you shall stand in need of under your present Circumstances.

In order to persuade the Lady to repose all her Confidence in him, he in the first Place told her who he was, and what Accident it was that had brought him into that Place. Next he acquainted her with the coming of the three Slaves, and how they had bury'd the Chest. The Lady, who had cover'd her Face with her Veil, as soon as *Ganem* appear'd, was extraordinary sensible of the Obligation she ow'd him. I return Thanks to God, said she, for having sent so worthy a Person as you are to deliver me from Death; but since you have begun so charitable a Work, I conjure you not to leave it imperfect. Let me beg of you to go into the City, and provide a Muleteer to come with his Mule and carry me to your House in this Chest; for should I go in with you a-foot, my Dress being different from that of the City Ladies, some one might happen to take notice of it, and follow me, which it highly concerns me to prevent. When I shall be in your House, I will give you an Account of myself, and in the mean time be assur'd, that you have not oblig'd an ungrateful Person.

Before the young Merchant left the Lady, he drew the Chest out of the Pit, which he fill'd up with Earth, laid her again in
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the Chest, and shut it in such a manner, that it did not look as if the Padlock had been forc'd off; but for fear of stifling her, he put it not quite close, leaving room for Air to get in. Going out of the Burial-Place, he drew the Door after him; and the City Gate being then open, soon found what he sought for. He return'd with Speed to the Burial-Place, and help'd the Muleteer to lay the Chest a-cross his Mule, telling him, to remove all Causes of Suspicion, that he came to that Place the Night before, with another Muleteer, who being in haste to return home, had laid down the Chest in the Burial-Place.

Ganem, who, since his Arrival at *Bagdat*, had minded nothing but his Business, was still unacquainted with the Power of Love, and then felt the first Sallies of it. It had not been in his Power to look upon the young Lady, without being disturb'd, and the Uneasiness he felt, following the Muleteer at a distance, and the Fear lest any Accident might happen by the way that should deprive him of his Conquest, taught him to unravel his intricate Thoughts. It was an extraordinary Satisfaction to him, when, being arriv'd safe at home, he saw the Chest unloaded. He dismiss'd the Muleteer, and having caus'd a Slave to shut the Doors of his House, he open'd the Chest, help'd the Lady out, gave her his Hand, and conducted her to his Apartment, lamenting how much she must have endur'd in that close Confinement. If I
have

have suffer'd, said she, I have Satisfaction enough in what you have done for me, and in the Pleasure of seeing myself out of Danger.

Tho' *Ganem's* Apartment was very richly furnish'd, the Lady did not so much regard that, as she did the handsome Presence and engaging Mien of her Deliverer, whose Politeness and obliging Behaviour highly heightened her Gratitude. She sat down on a *Sofa*, and to begin to give the Merchant to understand how sensible she was of the Service done her, she took off her Veil. *Ganem*, on his Part, was sensible of the Favour so lovely a Lady did in uncovering herself, or rather felt he had already a most violent Passion for her. Whatsoever Obligations she owed him, he thought himself more than requitted by so singular a Favour.

The Lady div'd into *Ganem's* Thoughts, yet was not at all surpriz'd, because he appear'd very full of Respect. He judging she might have occasion to eat, and not willing to trust any but himself with the Care of entertaining so charming a Guest, went out with a Slave to an Eating-House, to give Directions for a Treat. From thence he went to a Fruiterer, where he chose the finest and most excellent Fruit; buying also the choicest Wine, and some of the same Bread that was eaten at the Califf's Table.

As soon as he return'd home, he, with his own Hands, made a Pyramid of the
Fruit

Fruit he had bought, and serving it up himself to the Lady in a large Dish of the finest *China* Ware, Madam, said he, be pleas'd to make choice of some of this Fruit, while a more solid Entertainment, and more worthy yourself is made ready. He would fain have continued standing before her, but she declared she would not touch any thing, unless he sat down and eat with her. He obeyed, and when they had eaten some small Matter, *Ganem* observing that the Lady's Veil, which she had laid down by her on a *Sofa*, was embroider'd along the Edge with Gold Letters, begged leave of her to look upon that Embroidery. The Lady immediately took up the Veil, and delivered it to him, asking him whether he could read? Madam, reply'd he with a modest Air, a Merchant would be able to manage his Business very ill if he could not at least read and write. Well then, said she, read the Words which are embroidered on that Veil, which gives me an Opportunity of telling you my Story.

Ganem took the Veil, and read these Words, *I am yours, and you are mine; thou Descendant from the Prophet's Uncle*. That Descendant from the Prophet's Uncle was the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, who then reigned, and was descended from *Abbas*, *Mahomet's* Uncle.

When *Ganem* perceived the Sense of those Words, Alas, Madam, said he, in a melancholly Tone, I have just sav'd your Life, and this Embroidery is my Death!

I do not comprehend all the Mystery; but it makes me too sensible, that I am the most unfortunate of Men. Pardon the Liberty I take, Madam of telling you so much. It was impossible for me to see you without giving you up my Heart. You are not ignorant yourself, that it was not in my Power to refuse it you, and that makes my Presumption excusable. I propos'd to myself, to move yours by my Respect, my Diligence, my Complaisance, my Assiduity, my Submission, and my Constancy; and no sooner had I flatter'd myself with that Design, than I am robb'd of all my Hopes. But be that as it will, I shall have the Satisfaction of dying entirely yours. Proceed, Madam, I conjure you, to give me a full Information of my unhappy Fate.

He could not deliver those Words, without letting fall some Tears. The Lady was mov'd, but was so far from being displeas'd at the Declaration he made, that she felt an inward Joy, for her Heart began to yield. However, she conceal'd it, and as if she had not regarded what *Ganem* said, I would have been very cautious, answer'd she, of shewing you my Veil, had I thought it would have made you so uneasy; and I do not perceive that what I have to say to you, can make your Condition so deplorable as you imagine.

You must understand, proceeded she, in order to acquaint you with my Story, that my Name is *Fetnah*, (which signifies a Storm or Tempest) which was given me
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at my Birth, because it was judg'd that the Sight of me would occasion many Calamities. You cannot be a Stranger to it, since there is no body in *Bagdat*, but knows that the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, my Sovereign Lord and yours, has a Favourite so call'd.

I was carry'd into his Palace in my very tender Years, and I have been brought up there with all the Care that is usually taken of such Persons of my Sex as are designed to reside there. I made no ill Advance in all they took the Pains to teach me, and that, with some Share of Beauty, gained me the Califf's Affection, who gave me a particular Apartment, adjoining to his own. That Prince was not satisfy'd with such a Mark of Distinction, he appointed 20 Women to wait on me, and as many Eunuchs, and ever since he has made me such considerable Presents, that I was once richer than any Queen in the World. You may reasonably judge by what I have said, that *Zobeide* the Califf's Wife and Kinswoman, could not chuse but be jealous of my Happiness. Tho' *Haroun* has all the Regard imaginable for her, she has us'd all her Endeavours to ruin me,

Hitherto I had secured myself against all her Snares, but at length I fell under the last Effort of her Jealousy, and were it not for you I had been now expos'd to inevitable Death. I do not question but that she had corrupted one of my Slaves, who last Night in some Limonade, gave me a
Drug,

Drug, which causes such a dead Sleep, that it is easy to dispose of those who have taken it; and that Sleep is so profound, that nothing can dispel it for the Space of 7 or 8 Hours. I have the more reason to judge so, because naturally I am very light of Sleep, and apt to wake at the least Noise.

Zobeide, the better to put her Design in Execution, has laid hold of the Opportunity of the Absence of the Califf, who has been gone lately to put himself at the Head of his Troops, to chastise some neighbouring Kings, who have presum'd to join in League to make War on him. Were it not for this Opportunity, my Rival, as outrageous as she is, durst not have presum'd to attempt any thing against my Life. I know not what she will do to conceal this Action from the Califf, but you see it highly concerns me that you should keep my Secret. My Life depends on it. I shall be safe in your House, as long as the Califf is from *Bagdat*. It behoves you to keep my Adventure private; for should *Zobeide* know the Obligation I owe you, she would punish you for having saved me.

When the Califf returns, I shall not need to be so much upon my Guard. I shall find means to acquaint him with all that has happen'd, and I am fully persuaded he will be more earnest than myself to requite a Service, which restores me to his Love.

As soon as *Haroun*, *Alraschid's* beautiful Favourite, had done speaking, *Ganem* began

gan, and said, Madam, I return you a thousand Thanks, for having given me the Information I took the Liberty to desire of you; and I beg of you to believe, that you are here in Safety; the Sentiments you have inspir'd in me are a Pledge of my Secrecy. As for my Slaves, I own there is Cause to suspect them; they may perhaps fail of the Fidelity they owe me, should they know by what Accident, and in what Place I had the good Fortune to find you; but it is impossible they should guess at that. Nay, I dare assure you, that they will not have the Curiosity to enquire after it. It is so natural for young Men to purchase beautiful Slaves, that it will be no way surprizing to them to see you here, as believing you to be one, and that I have bought you. They will also believe that I had some particular Reasons for bringing you home as I did. Set your Heart therefore at rest, as to that Point, and remain satisfy'd, that you shall be serv'd with all the Respect that is due to the Favourite of so great a Monarch as ours is. But how great soever he is, give me Leave, Madam, to declare, that nothing will be able to make me recall the Present I have made you of my Heart. I know, and shall never forget, that what belongs to the Master is forbidden to the Slave, but I lov'd you before you told me that you were engag'd to the Califf; it is not in my Power to overcome a Passion, which, tho' now in its Infancy, has all the Force of a Love strength-

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ned by a perfect Carrespondence. I wish your august and most fortunate Lover may revenge you against the Malice of *Zobeide*, by calling you back to him; and when you shall be restor'd to his Wishes, that you may remember the unfortunate *Ganem*, who is no less your Conquest than the Califf. As powerful as that Prince is, I flatter myself he will not be able to blot me out of your Memory. If Love be your predominant Passion, he cannot love you more passionately than I do; and I shall never cease to burn in your Flames, whatsoever part of the World I go into to expire, after having lost you.

Fetnah perceiv'd that *Ganem* was under the greatest of Afflictions, and it mov'd her; but considering the Uneasiness she was likely to bring upon herself, by prosecuting the Discourse upon that Subject, which might insensibly lead her to discover the Inclination she felt in herself for him, I perceive, said she, that this Sort of Conversation gives you too much Trouble, let us change the Discourse, and talk of the infinite Obligations I owe you. I can never sufficiently express my Satisfaction, when I consider, that without your Assistance, I had not beheld the Light of the Sun.

It was happy for them both, that somebody just then knock'd at the Door; *Ganem* went to see who it was, and found it was one of his Slaves to acquaint him that the Entertainment was ready. *Ganem*, who by way of Precaution, would have none of his

his Slaves to come into the Room where *Fetnah* was, took what was brought, and serv'd it up himself to his beautiful Guest, whose Soul was ravish'd to behold with what Diligence and Respect he attended her.

When they had eaten, *Ganem* took away, as he cover'd the Table; and having deliver'd all Things at the Chamber-Door to his Slaves, Madam, said he to *Fetnah*, you may now perhaps desire to take some rest; I will leave you, and when you have repos'd yourself, you shall find me ready to receive your Commands.

Having spoken these Words, he left her, and went to buy two Women Slaves. He also bought two Parcels, the one of Linnen, and the other of all such Things as were proper to make up a Toilet fit for the Califf's Favourite. Having conducted home the two Women Slaves, he presented them to *Fetnah*, saying, Madam, a Person of your Quality cannot be without two Maids at least to serve you; be pleas'd to allow me to give you these.

Fetnah admiring *Ganem's* Forecast, My Lord, said she, I perceive you are not one that will do Things by halves; you add by your Courtesy, to the Obligations I owe you already; but I hope I shall not die ungrateful, and that Heaven will soon put me into a Condition to make Acknowledgments for all your Acts of Generosity.

When the Women Slaves were withdrawn into a Chamber adjoining, which
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the young Merchant shew'd them, he sat down on the Sofa, where *Fetnah* was; but at some Distance from her, in Token of the greater Respect. He then began again to discourse of his Passion, and spoke very moving Things relating to the invincible Obstacles which robb'd him of all his Hopes. I dare not so much as hope, said he, by my Passion, to excite the least Sensibility in a Heart like yours, destin'd for the greatest Prince in the World. Alas! it would be a Comfort to me, if I could flatter my self, that you have not look'd upon the Excess of my Love with Indifferency. My Lord, answer'd *Fetnah*—Alas! Madam, said *Ganem*, interrupting her at the Word Lord, this is the second time you have done me the Honour to call me Lord; the Presence of the Women Slaves hinder'd me the first time from taking notice of it to you; in the Name of God, Madam, do not give me that Title of Honour, it does not belong to me, treat me, I beseech you, as your Slave: I am, and shall never cease to be so.

No, no, reply'd *Fetnah*, interrupting him in her turn, I shall be cautious how I treat a Man to whom I owe my Life, after that manner. I should be ungrateful, could I say or do any thing that did not become you. Leave me therefore to follow the Dictates of my Gratitude, and do not require it of me, that I misbehave my self towards you, in return for the Benefits I have receiv'd. I shall never be

be guilty of it, I am too sensible of your respectful Behaviour, to abuse it; and I will not stick to own, that I do not look upon all your Care with Indifference. You know the Reason that condemns me to Silence.

Ganem was ravish'd at that Declaration, he wept for Joy, and not being able to find Expressions significant enough in his own Conceit, to return *Fetnah* Thanks, was satisfy'd with telling her, that as she knew what she ow'd to the Califf, he on his part was not ignorant, *That what belongs to the Master, is forbid to the Servant.*

Night drawing on, he went out to fetch Light, which he brought in himself, as also some Collation, as is the Custom in the City of *Bagdat*; where having made a good Meal at Noon, they at Night are satisfy'd with eating some Fruit, and drinking a Glass of Wine, so diverting the Time till they go to Bed.

They both sat down at Table, and at first complimented each other, presenting the Fruit reciprocally. The Excellency of the Wine, insensibly drew them both on to drink, and having drank two or three Glasses, they agreed that neither should take another Glass without singing some Air first. *Ganem* sung Verses he compos'd *extempore*, and which express'd the Vehemency of his Passion; and *Fetnah* encouraged by his Example, compos'd and sung Verses relating to her Adventure, and always containing something which
Ganem

Ganem might take in a Sense that was favourable to him; bating, that she nicely observed the Fidelity due to the Califf. The Collation held till very late, and the Night was far advanced before they thought of parting. *Ganem* then withdrew to another Apartment, leaving *Fetnah* where she was, the Women Slaves he had bought coming in to wait on her.

They lived together after this manner several Days. The young Merchant went not abroad, unless upon Business of the utmost Consequence, and even for that took the time when his Lady was at her Rest; for he could not prevail upon himself to let slip a Moment that might be spent in her Company. All his Thoughts were taken up with his dear *Fetnah*, who on her side giving way to her Inclination, confess'd she had no less Affection for him than he had for her. However, as fond as they were of each other, their Respect for the Califf kept them within those Bounds that were due to him; which still heightened their Passion.

Whilst *Fetnah*, thus snatch'd from the Jaws of Death, pass'd her time so agreeably with *Ganem*, *Zobeide* was not without some Apprehensions in *Haroun Alraschid's* Palace.

As soon as the three Slaves, entrusted with the Execution of her Revenge, had carryed away the Chest, without knowing what was in it, or so much as the least Curiosity to enquire into it, as being us'd

to pay a blind Obedience to her Commands, she was seized with a tormenting Uneasiness, a thousand perplexing Thoughts disturb'd her Rest; Sleep fled from her Eyes, and she spent the Night in contriving how to conceal her Crime. My Consort, said she, loves *Fetnah* more than ever he did any of his Favourites. What shall I say to him at his Return, when he enquires of me after her? Many Contrivances occur'd to her, but none were satisfactory. Still she met with Difficulties, and knew not where to fix. There liv'd with her an ancient Lady, who had bred her up from her Infancy. As soon as it was Day, she sent for her, and having entrusted her with the Secret, said, Dear Mother, you have always been assisting to me with your Advice; if ever I stood in need of it, it is now, when the Business before you is to still my Thoughts, distracted by a mortal Concern, and to shew me some way to satisfy the Califf.

Dear Madam, reply'd the old Lady, it had been much better not to have run your self into the Difficulties you labour under; but since the thing is done, the best is to say no more of it. All that must now be thought of it, is, how to deceive the Chief of the Believers; and I am of opinion, that you immediately cause a wooden Image to be carv'd, resembling a dead Body. We will shroud it up in old Linnen, and when shut up in a Coffin, it shall be bury'd in some Part of the Palace; then shall you immediately cause a marble Monument to
be

be built after the manner of a Dome, over the Burial-Place, and erect a Figure, which shall be cover'd with a black Cloth, and set about with great Candlesticks and large Wax-Tapers. There is another Thing, added the old Lady, which ought not to be forgot; you must put on Mourning, and cause the same to be done by all your own, and *Fetnab's* Women, your Eunuchs, and all that belong to the Palace. When the Califf returns and sees you, and all the Palace in Mourning, he will be sure to ask the Occasion of it: Then will you have an Opportunity of insinuating your self into his Favour, saying, it was in respect to him, that you paid the last Honours to *Fetnab*, snatch'd away by sudden Death. You may tell him, you have caus'd a Mausoleum to be built, and in short that you have paid all the Dues to his Favourite, which he would have done himself, had he been present. His Passion for her being extraordinary, he will certainly go shed some Tears upon her Grave, and perhaps, added the old Woman, he will not believe she is really dead. He may, perhaps, suspect you have turn'd her out of the Palace through Jealousy, and look upon all the Mourning as an Article to deceive him, and prevent his making Search after her. It is likely he will cause the Coffin to be taken up and open'd, and it is certain he will be convinc'd of her Death, as soon as he shall see the Figure of a dead Body buried. He will be pleas'd with all you shall have

done, and exprefs his Gratitude. As for the wooden Image, I will undertake to have it cut myfelf by a Carver in the City, who fhall not know what Ufe it is to be put to. As for your Part, Madam, order *Fetnah's* Woman, who Yefterday gave her the Lemonade, to give out, that ſhe has juſt found her Miſtreſs dead in her Bed; and to the end they may only think of lamenting, without offering to go into her Chamber, let her add, ſhe has already acquainted you with it, and that you have ordered *Meſſour* to cauſe her to be laid out and buryed.

As ſoon as the old Lady had ſpoke theſe Words, *Zobeide* took a rich Diamond Ring out of her Casket, and putting it on her Finger, and embracing her in a perfect Transport of Joy, ſaid, how infinitely am I beholden to you, my dear Mother! I ſhould never have thought of ſo ingenious a Contrivance. It cannot fail of Succeſs, and I perceive my Peace of Mind begins to be reſtor'd to me. I leave the Care of the wooden Figure to you, and will go myſelf to order the reſt.

The wooden Image was got ready, with as much Expedition as *Zobeide* could have wiſh'd, and then conveyed by the Lady herſelf into *Fetnah's* Bed-Chamber, where ſhe dreſſed it like a dead Body, and put it into a Coffin. Then *Meſſour*, who was himſelf deceived by it, cauſed the Coffin, and the Representation of *Fetnah* to be carried away, and buryed it with the uſual Ceremonies

monies in the Place appointed by *Zobeide*, the Favourite's Women weeping and lamenting, she who had given her the Lemonade setting them an Example by her Cries and Howlings.

That very Day *Zobeide* sent for the Architect of the Palace, and of the Califf's other Houses, and according to the Orders he received from her, the Mausoleum was finished in a very short time. Such potent Princesses, as was the Consort of a Monarch, whose Power extended from East to West, are always punctually obeyed in whatsoever they command, by all the Court; so that the News of *Petnab's* Death was soon spread all over the Town.

Gancin was one of the last that heard of it; for, as I have before observed, he scarce went abroad. Being at length informed of it: Madam, said he to the Califf's fair Favourite, you are thought to be dead in *Bagdat*, and I do not question but that *Zobeide* herself believes it. I bless Heaven that I am the Cause, and the happy Witness of your being alive; and would to God, that taking the Advantage of this false Report, you would share in my Fortune, and go far from hence to reign in my Heart; but whither does this pleasing Notion carry me? I do not consider that you are born to make the greatest Prince in the World happy, and that only *Haroun Alraschid* is worthy of you. Supposing you could resolve to give him up for me,

and that you would follow me, ought I to consent to it? No, it is my Part always to remember, that *what belongs to the Master, is forbidden to the Slave.*

The lovely *Fetnah*, though moved by the Tenderness of the Passion he expressed, yet prevailed with herself not to comply with it. My Lord, said she to him, we cannot obstruct *Zobeide's* triumphing. I am not at all surprized at the Artifice she makes use of to conceal her Guilt: But let her proceed; I flatter myself, that Sorrow will soon follow her Triumph. The Califf will return, and we shall find the Means privately to inform him of all that has happen'd. In the mean time, let us be more cautious than ever that she may not know I am alive. I have already told you the Consequences.

Three Months after, the Califf returned to *Bagdat* with Honour, having vanquished all his Enemies; he enter'd the Palace with Impatience to see *Fetnah*, and to lay all his Laurels at her Feet; but was amazed to see all the Servants he had left behind him in Mourning. It struck him, without knowing the Cause; and his Concern was double, when, coming into the Apartment of *Zobeide*, he spyed that Princess coming to meet him with all her Women in Mourning. He immediately asked her the Cause of it, with much Concern. Chief of the Believers, answered *Zobeide*, I am in Mourning for your Slave *Fetnah*; who died so suddenly, that it was impossible to
apply

apply any Medicine to her Distemper. She would have proceeded, but the Califf did not give her Time, being so surpriz'd at the News, that he cry'd out, and then fell into a Swoon in the Arms of *Giafar* his Grand Vizier, who attended him. Coming soon after to himself, he with a weak Voice, which sufficiently expressed his Concern, asked where his dear *Fetnah* had been buried. Sir, said *Zobeide*, I took care myself of her Funeral, and spar'd for no Cost to make it magnificent. I have caused a Marble Mausoleum to be built over her Grave, and will attend you thither, if you desire it.

The Califf would not permit *Zobeide* to take that Trouble, but was satisfy'd to have *Mesrour* conduct him. He went thither just as he was, that is, in his Camp-Dress. When he saw the Figure covered with a black Cloth, the lighted Candles all about it, and the Magnificence of the Mausoleum, he was amaz'd that *Zobeide* should have performed the Obsequies of her Rival with so much Magnificence; and being naturally of a jealous Temper, he suspected his Wife's Generosity, and fancy'd his Mistress might perhaps be yet alive: That *Zobeide* taking the Advantage of his long Absence, might have turned her out of the Palace, ordering those she had intrusted with it, to convey her so far off, that she might never more be heard of. This was all he suspected; for he did not think *Zobeide* wicked enough to have murder'd his Favourite.

The better to discover the Truth himself, that Prince ordered the Figure to be removed, and caused the Grave and the Coffin to be opened in his Presence : But when he saw the Linnen which wrapped up the wooden Image, he durst not proceed any farther. That religious Califf thought it would be an irreligious Act, to suffer the Body of the dead Lady to be touched; and the Scruple prevail'd above his Love and Curiosity. He no longer doubted of *Fetnah's* Death. He caused the Coffin to be shut up again, the Grave to be filled, and the Figure to be placed as it was before.

The Califf thinking himself obliged to pay some Respects to the Tomb of his Favourite, sent for the Ministers of Religion, the Officers of the Palace, and the Readers of the Alcoran; and whilst they were calling together, he remained in the Mausoleum, moistening the Earth that covered the Phantom of his Love with his Tears. When all the Persons he had sent for were come, he stood before the Figure, and they about it, recited long Prayers; after which the Readers of the Alcoran read several Chapters.

The same Ceremony was perform'd every Day during a whole Month, Morning and Evening, the Califf being always present, with *Giafar* the Grand Vizier, and the prime Officers of the Court, all of them in Mourning, as well as the Califf himself, who all that while failed not to honour the Memory of *Fetnah* with Tears,
and

and would not talk the least of any Business.

The last Day of the Month, the Prayers, and reading of the Alcoran, lasted from that Morning till Break of Day the next Morning; and at length, when all was done, every Man return'd home. *Haroun Alraschid*, being tir'd with sitting up all that Time, went to take some Rest in his Apartment, and fell asleep on a Sofa, between two of the Court-Ladies, one of them sitting at the Bed's-Head, and the other at the Feet, who, whilst he slept, were working some Embroidery, and observ'd a profound Silence.

She who sat at the Bed's-Head, and whose Name was *Nouron Nibar*, that is, *Dawn of the Day*, perceiving the Califf was asleep, whisper'd to the other, call'd *Nagmatos-Sobi*, signifying *Morning-Star*, There is great News! The Chief of the Believers, our Master, will be over-joy'd when he awakes, and hears what I have to say to him; *Fetnah* is not dead, she is in perfect Health. O Heavens! cry'd *Morning-Star*, in a Transport of Joy, is it possible, that the beautiful, the charming, the incomparable *Fetnah*, should be still among the Living? *Morning-Star* utter'd these Words with such a sprightly Air, and so loud, that the Califf awak'd. He ask'd why they had disturb'd his Sleep? Alas! my Sovereign Lord, answer'd *Morning-Star*, pardon me this Indiscretion, I could not forbear being in a Transport to hear that *Fetnah* is still alive, it caus'd such an Emotion in me, that I could not contain

myself. What then is become of her, said the Califf if she is not dead? Chief of the Believers, reply'd *Dawn of the Day*, I this Evening receiv'd a Note, not sign'd, from a Person unknown, but written with *Fetnah's* own Hand, who gives me an Account of her melancholy Adventure, and orders me to acquaint you with it. I thought fit, before I fulfill'd my Commission, to let you take some few Moments of Rest, believing you must stand in need of it, after your Fatigue ——— Give me, give me that Note, said the Califf, interrupting her in a disorderly Manner, you were in the wrong in deferring to deliver it to me.

Dawn of the Day immediately deliver'd him the Note, which he open'd with much Impatience, and in it *Fetnah* gave a brief Account of all that had befallen her, but enlarg'd a little too much on the Care *Ganem* took of her. The Califf, who was naturally jealous, instead of being provok'd at the Inhumanity of *Zobeide*, was only concern'd for the Infidelity he fancy'd *Fetnah* had been guilty of towards him. Is it so, said he, after reading the Note? the perfidious Wretch has been four Months with a young Merchant, and has the Impudence to boast of the Respect he pays her. Thirty Days are past since my Return to *Bagdat*, and she now bethinks herself of sending me this News. Ungrateful Creature, whilst I spend the Days in bewailing her, she passes them away betraying

traying me. Go to, let us take Revenge of the false Woman, and that bold Youth who affronts me. Having spoken these Words, that Prince got up, and went into a great Hall where he us'd to appear in publick, and to give Audience to the great Men of his Court. The first Gate was open'd, and immediately all the Courtiers, who expected that Moment, enter'd. The Grand Vizier came in, and prostrated himself before the Throne the Califf sat on. Then rising, he stood before his Master, who, in a Tone, which denoted he would be instantly obey'd, said he to him, *Giafar*, your Presence is requisite, for putting in Execution an important Affair I am about to commit to you. Take 400 Men out of my Guards along with you, and first enquire, where a Merchant of *Damascus* lives, his Name is *Ganem*, the Son of *Abou Ayoub*. When you have learnt it, repair to his House, and cause it to be raz'd down to the Foundations, but first secure *Ganem*, and bring him hither, with my Slave *Fetnah*, who has liv'd with him these four Months. I will punish her, and make an Example of that insolent Man, who has presum'd to fail in his Respect to me.

The Grand Vizier having receiv'd this positive Command, made a low Bow to the *Califf*, having his Hand on his own Head, as a Token that he would rather lose it, than disobey him, and departed. The first Thing he did, was to send to the
Syndic,

Syndic, or Head of the Merchants, for some foreign Stuffs, and fine Silks of the new ones brought by *Ganem*, with strict Orders above all things, to enquire after the Street and House he liv'd in. The Officer he sent with these Orders, brought him back word, that he had scarce been seen for some Months, and no Man knew what could keep him at home, if he was there. The same Officer told *Giafar* where *Ganem* liv'd, and the Name of the Widow who had let him the House.

Upon this Information, which could not fail, that Minister, without losing any time, march'd with the Soldiers the Califf had order'd him to take, went to the Mayor of the City, whom he also caus'd to bear him Company, and being attended by a great Number of Carpenters and Masons, with the necessary Tools for razing of a House, came to that where *Ganem* liv'd; and finding it stood alone, without being confin'd any way, he posted his Soldiers quite round it, to prevent the young Merchant's making his Escape.

Fetnah and *Ganem* had just din'd then: The Lady was sitting at a Window next the Street; hearing a Noise, she look'd out through the Lattice, and seeing the Grand Vizier draw near with all his Attendants, she concluded the Design was upon her as well as *Ganem*. She perceiv'd her Note had been receiv'd, but had not expected such an Answer, having hoped that the Califf would have taken that Business

quite otherwise. She knew not how long that Prince had been come home, and tho' she was acquainted with his jealous Temper, yet she apprehended nothing on that Account. However, the Sight of the Grand Vizier and the Soldiers made her quake in Reality, not for herself, but for *Ganem*: She did not question clearing herself, provided the Califf would but hear her. As for *Ganem*, whom she was kind to, rather out of Gratitude than Affection, she plainly foresaw that his Rival being incens'd, would see, and might be apt to condemn him, upon Account of his Youth and Mien. Being full of that Thought, she turn'd to the young Merchant, and said: Alas! *Ganem*, we are undone, it is you and I that are sought after. He presently look'd through the Lattice, and was seiz'd with Dread, when he beheld the Califf's Guards with their naked Scimiters, and the Grand Vizier, with the Civil Magistrate at the Head of them. At that Sight he stood motionless, and had not the Power to utter one Word. *Ganem*, said the Favourite, there is no losing of Time: If you love me, put on the Habit of one of your Slaves immediately, and daub your Face and Arms with Soot. Then lay some of these Dishes on your Head; you may be taken for a Servant belonging to the Eating-house, and they will let you pass. If they happen to ask you where the Master of the House is, answer without any Hesitation, that he is within. Alas! Madam, answer'd *Ganem*, less
con-

concern'd for himself than for *Fetnah*, you only take care of me, what will become of you? Let not that trouble you, reply'd *Fetnah*, it is my Part to look to that. As for what you leave in this House, I will take care of it, and I hope it will be one Day justly restor'd to you, when the Califf's Anger shall be over, but do you avoid his Fury. The Orders he gives in Heat of Passion, are always fatal. The young Merchant's Affliction was so great, that he knew not what Course to fix upon, and would certainly have suffer'd himself to have been seiz'd by the Califf's Soldiers, had not *Fetnah* press'd him to disguise himself. He was prevail'd upon by her Persuasions, put on the Habit of a Slave, daub'd himself with Soot, and it was high Time, for they were knocking at the Door, and all they could do, was to embrace each other lovingly. They were both so overwhelm'd with Sorrow, that they could not utter one Word. Thus they parted. *Ganem* went out with some Dishes on his Head; he was taken for the Servant of an Eating-house, and no body offer'd to stop him. On the contrary, the Grand Vizier, who was the first that met him, gave him way to let him pass, being far from any Thought that he was the Man he look'd for. Those who were behind the Grand Vizier, made way as he had done, and thus favour'd his Escape. He got speedily to one of the City-Gates, and so clear away.

While

Whilst he was making the best of his Way from the Grand Vizier *Giafar*, that Minister came into the Room where *Fetnah* was sitting on a *Sofa*, and where there were many Chests full of *Ganem's* Equipage, and of the Money he had made of his Goods.

As soon as *Fetnah* saw the Grand Vizier come into the Room, she fell flat on her Face, and continuing in that Posture, as it were ready to receive her Death; My Lord, said she, I am ready to undergo the Sentence pass'd against me by the Chief of the Believers, you need only make it known to me. Madam, answer'd *Giafar*, falling also down till she had rais'd herself, God forbid any Man should presume to lay his profane Hands on you. I do not design to offer you the least Wrong. I have no farther Orders, than to intreat you will be pleas'd to go with me to the Palace, and to conduct you thither, with the Merchant that lives in this House. My Lord, reply'd the Favourite, let us go, I am ready to follow you. As for the young Merchant, to whom I am indebted for my Life, he is not here, he has been gone about a Month since to *Damascus*, whither his Business called him, and he has left these Chests you see under my Care, till he returns. I conjure you to cause them to be carry'd to the Palace, and to order them to be secur'd, that I may perform the Promise I made to take all possible Care of them.

You shall be obey'd, said *Giafar*, and immediately sent for Porters, whom he
com-

commanded to take up the Chests and carry them to *Mesfour*.

As soon as the Porters were gone, he whisper'd the Civil Magistrate, committing to him the Care of seeing the House raz'd, but first to cause diligent Search to be made for *Ganem*, who he suspected might be hid, whatsoever *Fetnah* had told him. Then, he went out, taking the young Lady with him, attended by the two Slaves that waited on her. As for *Ganem's* Slaves, they were not regarded: they ran in among the Crowd, and it was not known what became of them.

No sooner was *Giafar* out of the House, than the Masons and Carpenters began to raze it, and did it so effectually, that in a few Hours nothing of it remain'd. But the Civil Magistrate, not finding of *Ganem*, after the strictest Search, sent to acquaint the Grand Vizier with it, before that Minister reach'd the Palace. Well, said *Haroun Al-raschid*, seeing him come into his Closet, have you executed my Orders? Yes, Sir, answer'd *Giafar*, the House *Ganem* liv'd in is levell'd with the Ground, and I have brought you your Favourite *Fetnah*; she is at your Closet-Door, and I will call her in if you command me. As for the young Merchant, we could not find him, tho' all Places have been search'd, and *Fetnah* affirms, that he has been gone this Month to *Damascus*.

Never was any Man in such a Passion as the Califf, when he heard that *Ganem* had
made

made his Escape. As for his Favourite, being possess'd that she had been false to him, he would neither see nor speak to her. *Mefrour*, said he to the Chief of the Eunuchs, who was then present, take the ungrateful, the perfidious *Fetnah*, and go shut her up in the dark Tower. That Tower was within the Inclosure of the Palace, and commonly serv'd as a Prison for the Favourites who any way disgusted the Califf.

Mefrour being us'd to execute his Sovereign's Orders, tho' never so unjust, without making any Objection, obey'd this with some Reluctancy. He signify'd his Concern to *Fetnah*, who was the more griev'd at it, because she had reckon'd, that the Califf would not refuse to speak to her. There was no Remedy but to submit to her hard Fate, and to follow *Mefrour*, who conducted her to the dark Tower, and there left her.

In the mean Time, the Califf, being incens'd, and only consulting his Passion, writ the following Letter with his own Hand, to the King of *Syria*, his Cousin, and Tributary, who resided at *Damascus*.

The LETTER from the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, to *Mohammed Zinebi* King of *Syria*.

Cousin,

THIS is to inform you, that a Merchant of *Damascus*, whose Name is *Ganem*,
the

the Son of Abou Ayoub, has seduced the most amiable of my Women Slaves, called Fetnah, and is fled. It is my Will, that when you have read my Letter, you cause Search to be made for Ganem, and secure him. When he is in your Power, you shall cause him to be loaded with Irons, and for three Days successively he shall receive 50 Strokes with a Bull's Pizzle. Then let him be led through all Parts of the City, with a Cryer, crying, This is the smallest Punishment the Chief of the Believers inflicts on him that offends his Lord, and debauches one of his Slaves. After that you shall send him to me, under a strong Guard. It is my Will that you cause his House to be plunder'd; and when it shall be raz'd, order the Materials to be carry'd out of the City into the middle of the Plain. Besides, if he has Father, Mother, Sisters, Wives, Daughters, or other Kindred, cause them to be stripp'd; and when they are naked, expose them as a Spectacle during three Days to the whole City, forbidding any on Pain of Death to afford them any Shelter. I expect you will no way delay what I enjoin.

HAROUN ALRASCHID.

The Califf having writ this Letter, sent it away by an Express, ordering him to make all possible Speed, and to take Pigeons along wiew him, that he might the sooner hear what had been done by *Mohammed Zinebi*.
The

The Pigeons of *Bagdat* have this particular Quality, that tho' they be carry'd never so far, they return to *Bagdat*, as soon as they are turn'd loose, especially when they have young ones. A Letter roll'd up is made fast under their Wing, and by that means they have speedy Advice from such Places as they desire.

The Califf's Express travell'd Night and Day, as his Master's Impatience requir'd; and being come to *Damascus*, went directly to King *Zinebi*'s Palace, who sat upon his Throne to receive the Califf's Letter. The Express having deliver'd it, *Mohammed* looking upon it, and knowing the Hand, stood up to shew his Respect, kiss'd the Letter, and laid it on his Head, to denote that he was ready submissively to obey the Orders contained in it. He open'd it, and having read it, immediately descended from his Throne, and without losing Time, mounted on Horseback with the prime Officers of his Household. He also sent for the Civil Magistrate, who came to him; and then he went directly to *Ganem*'s House attended by all his Guards.

That young Merchant's Mother had never heard, or received any Letter from him since he left *Damascus*; but the other Merchants with whom he went to *Bagdat*, were return'd, and all of them told her, they had left her Son in perfect Health: However, being he did not return himself, and neglected to write, the tender Mother could not be persuaded but that he was
dead,

dead, and was so fully convinc'd of it in her Imagination, that she went into Mourning. She bewail'd *Ganem* as if she had seen him die, and had herself clos'd his Eyes: Never Mother express'd greater Sorrow, and so far was she from seeking any Comfort, that she delighted in indulging her Sorrow. She caus'd a Dome to be built in the middle of the Court belonging to her House, in which she plac'd a Figure representing her Son, and cover'd it with black Cloth. She spent the greatest part of the Days and Nights in weeping under that Dome, in the same manner as if her Son had been bury'd there: The beautiful *Al-colomb*, or *Ravisher of Hearts*, her Daughter, bore her Company, and mix'd her Tears with hers.

It was now some time since they had thus devoted themselves to Sorrow, and since the Neighbourhood, hearing their Cries and Lamentations, pity'd such loving Relations, when King *Mohammed Zinebi* came to the Door, which being open'd by a Slave belonging to the Family, he went in to-rights, enquiring for *Ganem*, the Son of *Abou Aycub*.

Tho' the Slave had never seen King *Zinebi*, she easily guess'd by his Retinue, that this must be one of the Prime Men in *Damascus*. My Lord, said she, that *Ganem* you enquire for, is dead; my Mistress, his Mother, is in that Monument you see there, actually lamenting the Loss of him. The King not regarding what was said by the

the Slave, caus'd all the House to be diligently search'd by his Guards for *Ganem*. Then he advanc'd towards the Monument, where he saw the Mother and the Daughter sitting on nothing but a Mat, by the Figure which represented *Ganem*, and their Faces appear'd to him bath'd in Tears. Those poor Women immediately veil'd themselves, as soon as they beheld a Man at the Door of the Dome; but the Mother knowing the King of *Damascus*, got up, and ran to cast herself at his Feet. My good Lady, said he, I was looking for your Son *Ganem*, is he here? Alas! Sir, cry'd the Mother, it is a long time since he has ceas'd to be; would to God I had at least put him into his Shroud with my own Hands, and the Comfort of having his Bones in this Monument! O my Son, my dear Son! She would have said more, but was oppress'd with so violent Sorrow that she was not able.

Zinebi was mov'd, for he was a Prince of a mild Nature, and had much Compassion for the Sufferings of the Unfortunate. If *Ganem* alone is guilty, thought he to himself, why should the Mother and the Daughter, who are innocent, be punish'd. Ah! cruel *Haroun Alraschid*, what a Mortification do you put upon me, in making me the Executioner of your Vengeance, obliging me to persecute those Persons who have not offend-ed you.

The

The Guards the King had order'd to search for *Ganem*, came and told him, they had lost their Labour. He was fully convinc'd, the Tears of those two Women would not leave him any room to doubt. It distract'd him to be oblig'd to execute the Califf's Order. My good Lady, said he to *Ganem's* Mother, come out of this Monument with your Daughter, it is no Place of Safety for you. They went out, and he to secure them against any Insult, took off his own Robe, which was very large, and cover'd them both with it, bidding them be sure to keep close to him. Then he order'd the Multitude to be admitted to plunder, which was perform'd with the utmost Rapaciousness, and many Shouts, which terrify'd *Ganem's* Mother and Sister the more, because they knew not the Reason of it. The Rabble carry'd off the richest Goods, Chests full of Wealth, fine *Persian* and *Indian* Carpets ; Cushions made of Cloth of Gold and Silver ; fine *China* Ware ; in short, all was taken away, nothing was left but the bare Walls of the House : And it was certainly a dismal Spectacle for the unhappy Ladies, to see all their Goods plunder'd, without knowing why they were so cruelly treated.

When the House was plunder'd, *Mohammed* order'd the Civil Magistrate to raze the House and Monument ; and whilst that was doing, he carry'd away *Alcolomb* and her Mother to his Palace. There

There it was he redoubled their Affliction, acquainting them with the *Califf's* Will. He commands me, said he to them, to cause you to be stripp'd, and to expose you stark naked for three Days to the View of the People. It is with the utmost Reluctance that I execute that cruel and ignominious Sentence. The King deliver'd those Words with such an Air, as plainly made it appear his Heart was really pierc'd with Grief and Compassion. Though the fear of being dethron'd, obstructed his following the Dictates of his Pity, yet he in some measure moderated the Rigor of *Haroun Alraschid's* Orders, causing coarse Sacks, like Smocks without Sleeves, to be made of Horse-Hair for *Ganem's* Mother, and his Sister *Alcolomb*, or *Ravisher of Hearts*.

The next Day, those two Victims of the Califf's Rage, were stripp'd of their Cloaths, and their Horse-Hair Smocks put upon them; their Head-dress was also taken away, so that their dishevell'd Hair hung upon their Backs. *Alcolomb* had the finest Hair in the World, and it hung down to the Ground. In that Condition they were expos'd to the People. The Civil Magistrate, attended by his Officers, went along with them, and they were conducted throughout all the City. A Cryer went before them, who every now and then cry'd, *This is the Punishment due to those who have drawn on themselves the Indignation of the Chief of the Believers.*

Whilst

Whilst they walk'd in this manner along the Streets of *Damascus*, with their Arms and Feet naked, clad in such a strange Garment, and endeavouring to hide their Shame under their Hair, with which they cover'd their Faces, all the People were dissolv'd in Tears; more especially the Ladies, looking on them as innocent Persons, through their Lattice-Windows, and being particularly mov'd by *Alcolomb's* Youth and Beauty, made the Air ring with their dreadful Shrieks, as they pass'd before their Houses. The very Children frighted at those Shrieks, and at the Spectacle that occasion'd them; mix'd their Cries with that general Lamentation, and added new Horror to it: In short, had an Enemy been in *Damascus*, and were then putting all to Fire and Sword, the Consternation could not have been greater.

It was near Night, when that dismal Scene concluded. The Mother and Daughter were both conducted back to King *Mohammed's* Palace. Not being us'd to walk barefoot, they were so spent, that they lay a long time in a Swoon. The Queen of *Damascus*, highly afflicted at their Misfortune, notwithstanding the Califf's Prohibition to relieve them, sent some of her Women to comfort them, with all Sorts of Refreshments and Wine, to raise their Spirits.

The Queen's Women found them still in a Swoon, and almost past receiving any Benefit

ness by what they offered them. However, with much Difficulty, they were brought to themselves. *Ganem's* Mother immediately returned them Thanks for their Courtesy. My good Lady, said one of the Queen's Ladies to her, we are highly concerned at your Affliction, and the Queen of *Syria*, our Mistress, has done us a Favour in employing us to assist you. We can assure you, that Princess is much afflicted at your Misfortunes, as well as the King her Consort. *Ganem's* Mother intreated the Queen's Women to return her Majesty a thousand Thanks from her and her Daughter *Alcolomb*, and then directing her Discourse to the Lady that had spoke to her; Madam, said she to her, the King has not told me why the Chief of the Believers inflicts so many Outrages on us: Pray be pleased to tell us, what Crimes we have been guilty of. My good Lady, answered the other, the Origin of your Misfortune proceeds from your Son *Ganem*. He is not dead, as you imagine. He is accused of having stolen the beautiful *Fetnah*, the best beloved of all the Califf's Favourites, and he having, by timely Flight, withdrawn himself from that Prince's Indignation, the Punishment is fallen on you. All Mankind condemns the Califf's Resentment, but all Mankind fears him; and you see King *Zinebi* himself dares not contradict his Orders, for fear of incurring his Displeasure. So that all we can do is to pity and exhort you to have Patience.

I know my Son, answered *Ganem's* Mother; I have educated him very carefully, and in that Respect which is due to the Commander of the Believers. He has not committed the Crime he is accused of; I dare answer for his Innocency. But I will give over muttering and complaining, since it is for him that I suffer, and he is not dead. O *Ganem*, added she, in a Transport of Love and Joy, my dear Son *Ganem*, is it possible that you are still alive! I no longer am concern'd for the Loss of my Goods, and how extravagant soever the Califf's Orders may be, I forgive him all the Severity of them, provided Heaven has sav'd my Son. I am only concerned for my Daughter, her Sufferings only afflict me; yet I believe her to be so good a Sister, as to follow my Example.

At the hearing of these Words, *Alcolomb*, who, till then, had appear'd insensible, turned to her Mother, and clasping her Arms about her Neck, Yes, dear Mother, said she, I will always follow your Example, whatever Extremity the Love of my Brother brings you to.

The Mother and Daughter thus interchanging their Sighs and Tears, continued a considerable time in such moving Embraces. In the mean time, the Queen's Women, who were much moved at that Spectacle, omitted no Persuasions to prevail with *Ganem's* Mother to take some Sustenance. She eat a Morsel out of Complaisance, and *Alcolomb* did the like.

The

The Califf having ordered that *Ganem's* Kindred should be exposed three Days successively to the sight of the People, in the Condition as has been said, *Alcolomb* and her Mother afforded the same Spectacle the second time next Day, from Morning till Night. But that Day and the following, Things were not done after the same Manner; the Streets, which at first had been full of People, were left quite empty. All the Traders incensed at the ill Usage of *Abou Ayoub's* Widow and Daughter, shut up their Shops, and kept themselves close within their Houses. The Ladies, instead of looking thro' their Lattice Windows, withdrew into the back part of their Houses. There was not one Soul to be seen, in the publick Places those unfortunate Women were carry'd through. It looked as if all the Inhabitants of *Damascus*, had abandoned their City.

On the 4th Day, King *Mohammed Zinebi*, who was resolved, punctually to obey the Califf's Orders, tho' he did not approve of them, sent Cryers into all Quarters of the City to make Proclamation, strictly forbidding all the Inhabitants of *Damascus*, and Strangers, of what Condition soever, upon pain of Death, and having their Bodies cast to the Dogs to be devoured, to receive *Ganem's* Mother and Sister into their Houses, or to give them a Morsel of Bread, or a Drop of Water, and in a word, to afford them the least Support, or hold the least Correspondence with them.

When the Cryers had performed what the King had enjoined them, that Prince ordered the Mother and the Daughter to be turned out of the Palace, and left to their Choice to go where they thought fit. As soon as ever they appeared, all Persons fled from them, so great an Impression had the late Prohibition made upon them all. They easily perceived that every body shunned them; but not knowing the reason of it, they were much surpriz'd, and their Amazement was the greater, when coming into any Street, or among several Persons, they knew some of their best Friends, who presently vanished with as much Speed as the rest. What is the meaning of this, said *Ganem's* Mother, do we carry the Plague about us? Must the unjust and barbarous Usage we have received, render us odious to our Fellow-Citizens? Come, my Child, added she, let us depart *Damascus* with all speed; let us not stay any longer in a City where we are become frightful to our very Friends.

The two wretched Ladies discoursing after this manner, came to one of the Ends of the City, and retired to a ruined House, there to pass the Night. Thither some Mussulmen, or Believers, out of Charity and Compassion, resorted to them after the Day was shut in. They carried them Provisions, but durst not stay to comfort them, for fear of being discovered, and punished for disobeying the Califf's Orders.

In the mean time King *Zinebi* had let fly a Pigeon to give *Haroun Alraschid* an Account of his exact Obedience. He inform'd him of all that had been done, and conjured him to direct what he would have done with *Ganem's* Mother and Sister. He soon received the Califf's Answer the same way, which was, that he banished them *Damascus* for ever. Immediately the King of *Syria* sent Men to the old House, with Orders to take the Mother and the Daughter, and to conduct them three Days Journey from *Damascus*, and there to leave them, forbidding them ever to return to the City.

Zinebi's Men executed their Commission, but being less precise than their Master, in the strict Performance of every Tittle of *Haroun Alraschid's* Orders, they in pity gave *Alcolomb* and her Mother, some small Pieces of Money to buy them some Subsistence, and each of them a Bag, which they hung about their Necks to carry their Provisions.

In this miserable Condition they came to the first Village. The Peasants flocked about them, and, as it appeared through their Disguise, that they were People of some Fashion, they asked them what was the Occasion of their travelling after that manner, in a Habit that did not seem properly to belong to them. Instead of answering the Question put to them, they fell a weeping, which only served to heighten the Curiosity of the Peasants, and to move them to Compassion. *Ganem's* Mother told them, what she and her Daughter had endured ;

dured; at which the good Country Women were sensibly afflicted, and endeavoured to comfort them. They treated them as well as their Poverty would permit, they took off their Horse-Hair Smocks, which were very uneasy, and put them on others they gave them, with Shoes, and something to cover their Heads, and save their Hair.

Having expressed their Gratitude to those charitable Women, *Alcolomb* and her Mother departed that Village, taking short Journeys towards *Aleppo*. They used at Night to lie near the *Mosques*, or in them upon the Mat, if there was any, or else on the bare Pavement; and sometimes took up in the publick Places appointed for the Use of Travellers. As for Sustenance they did not want, for they often came to Places, where Bread, boiled Rice, and other Provisions are distributed to all Travellers who desire it.

At length they came to *Aleppo*, but would not stay there, and holding on their Journey towards the *Euphrates*, crossed that River, and entered into *Mesopotamia*, which they traversed as far as *Moussoul*. Thence, notwithstanding all they had endured, they proceeded to *Bagdat*. That was the Place they had fixed their Thoughts upon, hoping to find *Ganem* there, tho' they ought not to have fancy'd that he was in a City where the Califf resided; but they hoped, because they wished it; their Affection rather increasing than diminishing, in spite of all their Misfortunes.

Their

Their Discourse was generally about him, and they enquired for him of all they met. But let us leave *Alcolomb* and her Mother, to return to *Fetnah*.

She was still confined close in the dark Tower, ever since the Day that had been so fatal to *Ganem* and her. However, as disagreeable as her Prison was to her, it was much less grievous than the Thoughts of *Ganem's* Misfortune, the Uncertainty of whose Fate was a killing Affliction to her. There was scarce a Moment in which she did not lament him.

One Night when the Califf was walking by himself, within the Enclosure of his Palace, as he frequently did, for he was the most prying Prince in the World, and sometimes by means of those Night Walks, he came to the Knowledge of Things that happened in his Palace, which would otherwise never have come to his Ear; one of those Nights, in his Walk, he happened to pass by the dark Tower, and fancying he heard somebody talk, he stopt and drew near the Door to listen, and distinctly heard these Words which *Fetnah*, whose Thoughts were always on *Ganem*, uttered with a loud Voice. O *Ganem*, too unfortunate *Ganem*! where are you at this Time, whither has that cruel Fate led thee? Alas! it is I that have made you miserable! Why did not you let me perish unhappily, rather than afford you my generous Relief? What a dismal Reward have you received for your Care and Respect? The Comman-

der of the Faithful, who ought to have requited, persecutes you; and in return for having always looked upon me as a Person reserved for his Bed, you lose all your Goods, and are obliged to seek for Safety in Flight. O Califf, barbarous Califf, what will you say for yourself, when you shall appear with *Ganem* before the Tribunal of the Supreme Judge, and the Angels shall testify the Truth before your Face? All the Power you are now invested with, and which makes the best part of the World quake, will not prevent your being condemned and punished for your violent and unjust Proceedings. Here *Fetnah* ceased her Complaints, her Sighs and Tears putting a Stop to her Tongue.

This was enough to bring the Califf to himself. He plainly perceived, that if what he had heard was true, his Favourite must be innocent, and that he had been too rash in giving such Orders against *Ganem* and his Family. Being resolved to be rightly inform'd in an Affair which so nearly concern'd him in point of Equity, on which he valued himself, he immediately returned to his Apartment, and that Moment ordered *Mefrour* to repair to the dark Tower, and bring *Fetnah* to him.

By this Command, and much more by the Califf's way of Delivery, the Chief of the Eunuchs guessed that his Master designed to pardon his Favourite, and take her to him again. He was overjoyed at it, for he loved *Fetnah*, and had been much
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concerned at her Disgrace; and therefore flying to the Tower, Madam, said he to the Favourite, with such an Air as expressed his Satisfaction, be pleased to follow me; I hope you will never more return to this vile dark Tower: The Commander of the Faithful has a mind to speak with you, and I have reason to hope for a happy Issue.

Fetnah followed *Mefrour*, who conducted her into the Califf's Closet. She prostrated herself before that Prince, and so continued, letting fall a Shower of Tears. *Fetnah*, said the Califf, without bidding her to rise, I think you charge me with Violence and Injustice. Who is he, who notwithstanding the Regard and Respect he had for me, is in a miserable Condition? Speak freely, you know how good-natured I am, and that I love to do Justice.

By these Words the Favourite conceived that the Califf had heard what she had said, and laying hold of so favourable an Opportunity to clear her dear *Ganem*; Commander of the true Believers, said she, if I have let fall any Word, that is not agreeable to your Majesty, I most humbly beseech you to forgive me; but he whose Innocence and Misfortune, you desire to be acquainted with, is *Ganem*, the unhappy Son of *Abou Ayoub*, Merchant of *Damascus*. He is the Man that saved my Life, and afforded me a safe Sanctuary in his House. I must own, that from the first Moment he saw me, he perhaps designed to de-

vote himself to me, and conceived Hopes of engaging me to admit of his Service. I guessed at this, by the Eagerness he showed in entertaining, and giving me all the Attendance which was requisite under the Circumstances I was then in; but as soon as he heard that I had the Honour to belong to you, *Alas, Madam*, said he, *That which belongs to the Master is forbidden to the Slave*. From that Moment, I owe this Justice to his Virtue, his Behaviour was always suitable to his Words. However, you Commander of the true Believers, well know with what Rigor you have treated him, and you will answer for it, before the Tribunal of God.

The Califf was not displeased with *Fetnah* for the Freedom of those Words; but may I, answered he, rely on the Assurances you gave me of *Ganem's* Virtue? Yes, replied *Fetnah*, you may. I would not for the World conceal the Truth from you; and to make out to you that I am sincere, I must own one thing to you, which perhaps may displease you, but I beg pardon of your Majesty before-hand. Speak Child, said *Harcun Alraschid*, I forgive all, provided you conceal nothing from me. Well then, replied *Fetnah*, let me inform you, that *Ganem's* respectful Behaviour, together with all the good Offices he did me, gained him my Esteem. I went farther yet, you know the Tyranny of Love: I felt some tender Inclination growing in my Breast. He perceived it, but was still far from making

an Advantage of my Frailty, and notwithstanding the Flame which consumed him, he still remain'd steady in his Duty, and all his Passion could force from him, was those Words I have already told your Majesty, *That which belongs to the Master, is forbidden to the Slave.*

This ingenuous Confession might have provok'd any other Man than the Califf; but it was the very Thing which quite appeas'd that Prince. He commanded her to rise, and making her sit by him, Tell me your Story, said he, from the Beginning to the End. She did so with much Art and Wit, slightly passing over what regarded *Zobeide*, and dilating upon the Obligations she owed *Ganem*, the Expence he had been at for her; and above all, she highly extolled his Discretion, endeavouring by that means to make the Califf sensible that she had been under the Necessity of lying conceal'd in *Ganem's* House, to deceive *Zobeide*. She concluded with the young Merchant's Escape, which she plainly told the Califf she had compell'd him to, that he might avoid his Indignation.

When she had done speaking, that Prince said to her, I believe all you have told me, but why was it so long before you let me hear from you? Was there any Need of staying a whole Month after my Return, before you sent me Word where you were? Commander of the True Believers, answered *Fetnah*, *Ganem* went abroad so very seldom, that you need not wonder we were
none

none of the first that heard of your Return. Besides that, *Ganem*, who took upon him to deliver the Letter I writ to *Nouron Nihar*, was a long time before he could find an Opportunity of putting it into her own Hands.

It is enough, *Fetnah*, reply'd the Califf, I own my Fault, and would willingly make Amends for it, by heaping of Favours on that young Merchant of *Damascus*. Therefore consider what I can do for him. Ask what you think fit, and I will grant it. Hereupon the Favourite fell down at the Califf's Feet, with her Face flat on the Ground; and then rising again, said, Commander of the true Believers, after returning your Majesty Thanks for *Ganem*, I most humbly intreat you to cause it to be published throughout all your Dominions, that you pardon the Son of *Abou Ayoub*, and that he may safely come to you. I will do more, rejoin'd that Prince, in Requital for having sav'd your Life, and the Respect he has bore to me, to make Amends for the Loss of his Goods; and in short, to repair the Wrong I have done to his Family, I give him to you for a Husband. *Fetnah* had no Words expressive enough to thank the Califf for his Generosity: She then withdrew into the Apartment she had before her dismal Adventure. The same Furniture was still in it, nothing had been removed; but that which pleas'd her most, was, to find there *Ganem's* Chests and Packs, which *Mesrour* had taken care to convey thither.

The next Day *Haroun Alraschid* order'd the Grand Vizier to cause Proclamation to be made throughout all his Dominions, that he pardon'd the Son of *Abou Ayoub*; but this prov'd of no Effect, for a long time elaps'd without any News of that young Merchant. *Fetnah* concluded for certain, that he had not been able to survive the Pain of losing her. A dreadful Uneasiness seiz'd her; but as Hope is the last Thing which forsakes Lovers, she intreated the Califf to give her Leave to seek for *Ganem* herself; which being granted, she took a Purse with a thousand Pieces of Gold out of her Basket, and one Morning went out of the Palace, mounted on a Mule she had out of the Califf's Stables, very richly accouterr'd. Black Eunuchs attended her, with their Hands on each Side upon the Mule's Buttocks.

Thus she went from Mosque to Mosque, bestowing her Alms among the Devotees of the *Mahometan* Religion, desiring their Prayers for obtaining the Accomplishment of an Affair, on which the Happiness of two Persons, as she told them, depended. She spent the whole Day, and the thousand Pieces of Gold in giving Alms at the Mosques, and return'd to the Palace in the Evening.

The next Day she took another Purse of the same Value, and in the like Equipage as the Day before, went to the Place where all the Jewellers Shops were, and stop-

stopping at the Door, without alighting, sent one of her black Eunuchs for the Syndic, or Chief of them. That Syndic, who was an extraordinary charitable Man, and spent above two Thirds of his Income in relieving of poor Strangers, whether they happen'd to be sick, or in Distress, made not *Fetnah* stay, knowing by her Dress that she was a Lady belonging to the Palace. I apply myself to you, said she, putting the Purse into his Hands, as a Person whose Piety is cry'd up throughout the City. I desire you to distribute that Gold among the poor Strangers you relieve, for I know you make it your Business to assist poor Strangers, who have recourse to your Charity. I am also satisfy'd that you prevent their Wants, and that nothing is more agreeable to you, than to have an Opportunity of easing their Misery. Madam, answer'd the Syndic, I shall obey your Commands with Pleasure; but if you desire to exercise your Charity in Person, and will be pleas'd to step to my House, you will there see two Women worthy of your Compassion: I met them yesterday as they were coming into the City; they were in a deplorable Condition, and it mov'd me the more, because I thought they were Persons of some Quality. Through all the Rags that cover'd them, notwithstanding the Impression the Sun has made on their Faces, I discover'd a noble Air, not to be commonly found in those poor People I relieve. I carry'd them both to my House, and deliver'd

liver'd them to my Wife, who was of the same Opinion with me. She caus'd her Slaves to provide them good Beds, whilst she herself wash'd their Faces and gave them clean Linnen. We know not, as yet, who they are, because we will let them take some Rest before we trouble them with our Questions.

Fetnah, without being able to give any Reason for it, had a Curiosity to see them. The Syndic would have conducted her to his House, but she would not give him the Trouble, and was satisfy'd that a Slave of his should go show her the Way. She alighted at the Door, and follow'd the Syndic's Slave, who was gone before, to give notice to his Mistress, she being then in the Chamber with *Alcolomb* and her Mother, for they were the Persons the Syndic had been talking of to *Fetnah*.

The Syndic's Wife being inform'd by the Slave, that a Court-Lady was in her House, was going out of the Room to meet her, but *Fetnah*, who had follow'd close to the Slave's Heels, did not give her so much Time; and coming into the Chamber, the Syndic's Wife fell down before her, to express the Respect she had for all that belong'd to the Califf. *Fetnah* took her up, and said, My good Lady, I desire you will let me speak with those two Strangers that arriv'd at *Bagdat* last Night. Madam, answer'd the Syndic's Wife, they lie in those two little Beds you see close by each other. The Favourite immediately drew near the
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Mother's, and viewing her carefully, Good Woman, said she, I come to offer you my Assistance : I have a considerable Interest in this City, and may be assisting to you and your Companion. Madam, answer'd *Ganem's* Mother, I perceive by your obliging Offers, that Heaven has not quite forsaken us, though we have Cause to believe it, after so many Misfortunes as have befallen us. Having utter'd these Words, she wept so bitterly, that *Fetnah*, and the Syndic's Wife could not forbear letting fall some Tears.

The Califf's Favourite having dry'd up her's, said to *Ganem's* Mother, be so kind as to tell us your Misfortunes, and recount your Story. You cannot give the Relation to any Persons better disposed than we are, to use all possible means to comfort you. Madam, reply'd *Abou Ayoub's* disconsolate Widow, a Favourite of the Commander of the true Believers, a Lady whose Name is *Fetnah*, is the occasion of all our Misfortune. These Words were like a Thunderbolt to the Favourite ; but suppressing her Concern and Uneasiness, she suffer'd *Ganem's* Mother to proceed, who did it after this manner : I am the Widow of *Abou Ayoub*, a Merchant of *Damascus* ; I had a Son, call'd *Ganem*, who coming to trade at *Bagdat*, has been accus'd of having debauch'd that *Fetnah*. The Califf has caus'd Search to be made for him every where, to put him to death ; and not finding him, has writ to the King of *Damascus*, to cause
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our House to be plunder'd and raz'd, and to expose my Daughter and me three Days successively, stark naked, to be seen by the People, and then to banish us out of *Syria* for ever. But how unworthy soever our Usage has been, I should still be comforted, were my Son alive, and I could meet with him. What a Pleasure would it be for his Sister and me, to see him again: Embracing him, we should forget the Loss of our Goods, and all the Evils we have suffer'd for him. Alas! I am fully persuaded he is the innocent Cause of them; and that he is no more guilty towards the Califf, than his Sister and I. No doubt of it, said *Fetnah*, interrupting her there, he is no more guilty than you are; I can assure you of his Innocence, for that very *Fetnah* you so much complain of, I am, who, through some Fatality in my Stars, have occasion'd so many Misfortunes. To me you must impute the Loss of your Son, if he is no more; but if I have occasion'd your Misfortune, I can in some measure relieve it. I have already clear'd *Ganem* to the Califf; that Prince has caus'd it to be proclaim'd throughout his Dominions, that he pardons the Son of *Abou Ayoub*; and do not question, but that he will do you as much good as he has done harm. You are no longer his Enemies, he expects *Ganem* to requite the Service he has done me, by uniting our Fortunes: He gives me to him for his Consort, therefore look on me as your Daughter, and permit me to vow an
eternal

eternal Friendship to you. Having so said, she bow'd down on *Ganem's* Mother, who was so astonish'd, that she could return no Answer. *Fetnah* held her a long time within her Arms, and only left her to run to the other Bed to *Alcolomb*, who sitting up, held out her Arms to receive her.

When the Califf's charming Favourite had given the Mother and the Daughter all the Tokens of Affection they could expect from *Ganem's* Wife, she said to them, Cease both of you to afflict yourselves ; the Wealth *Ganem* had in this City, is not lost, it is in my Apartment in the Palace : I know all the Treasure of the World cannot comfort you without *Ganem* : I judge so of his Mother and Sister, if I may judge of them by my self. Blood is no less powerful than Love in great Minds ; but why should we despair of seeing him again ? We shall find him ; the good Fortune of meeting with you, makes me conceive fresh Hopes ; and perhaps this is the last Day of your Sufferings, and the Beginning of a greater Felicity than you enjoy'd at *Damascus*, when *Ganem* was with you.

Fetnah would have gone on, when the Syndic of the Jewellers came in. Madam, said he to her, I come from seeing a very moving Object, it is a young Man, a Camel-Driver, who was carried to the Hospital of *Bagdat* : He was bound with Cords on a Camel, because he had not Strength enough to sit him. They had already unbound, and were carrying him into the Hospital, when

when I happened to be passing by. I went close up to the young Man, view'd him carefully, and fancy'd his Countenance was not altogether unknown to me. I ask'd him some Questions concerning his Family and his Country ; but all the Answer I could get consisted only in Sighs and Tears. I took pity on him, and perceiving, by being so much us'd to sick People, that he had great Need to have particular Care taken of him, I would not permit him to be put into the Hospital ; for I am too well acquainted with their way of looking to the Sick, and am sensible of the Incapacity of the Physicians. I have caus'd him to be brought home to my House, by my Slaves, and they are now, by my Orders, putting on some of my own Linnen, and serving him as they would do me, in a Chamber for that purpose ?

Fetnah's Heart leap'd at these Words of the Jeweller, and she felt a sudden Emotion, for which she could not account : Show me, said she to the Syndic, into that sick Man's Room ; I would gladly see him. The Syndic conducted her, and whilst she was going thither, *Ganem's* Mother said to *Alcolomb*, Alas ! Daughter, as wretched as that sick Stranger is, your Brother, if he be still living, is not perhaps in a more happy Condition.

The Califf's Favourite coming into the Chamber where the sick Man was, drew near the Bed, into which the Syndic's Slaves had already laid him. She saw a young Man,

Man, whose Eyes were closed, his Countenance pale, disfigured, and bathed in Tears. She gazed earnestly on him, her Heart beat, and she fancied she beheld *Ganem*; but yet she would not believe her Eyes. Though she found something of *Ganem* in the Object she beheld, yet in other Respects he appeared so different, that she durst not imagine it was he that lay before her. However, not being able to withstand the earnest Desire of being satisfied, *Ganem*, said she with a quivering Voice, is it you I behold? Having spoken those Words, she stopped to give the young Man time to answer, but observing that he seemed insensible; Alas! *Ganem*, added she, is it not you that I talk to? My Imagination being over-charged with your Image, has given this Stranger a deceitful Resemblance. The Son of *Abou Ayoub*, though never so sick, would know the Voice of *Fetnah*. At the Name of *Fetnah*, *Ganem*, (for it was really he) opened his Eyes, and turned his Face towards the Person that spoke to him, and knowing the Califf's Favourite; Ah! Madam, said he, what Miracle————? He could say no more; such a sudden Transport of Joy seized him, that he fell into a Swoon. *Fetnah* and the Syndic did all they could to bring him to himself; but as soon as they perceived he began to revive, the Syndic desired the Lady to withdraw, for fear lest the Sight of her should heighten *Ganem's* Distemper.

The young Man having recovered his Senses, looked all about, and not seeing what he looked for, cryed out, what is become of you, charming *Fetnah*? did you really appear before my Eyes, or was it only an Illusion? No, Sir, said the Syndic, it was no Illusion. It was I that caused that Lady to withdraw, but you shall see her again, as soon as you are in a Condition to bear her sight. You now stand in need of Rest, and nothing ought to obstruct you taking it. The Posture of your Affairs is altered, since you are, as I suppose, that *Ganem*, in Favour of whom the Commander of the true Believers has caused a Proclamation to be made in *Bagdat*, declaring that he forgives him what is past. Be satisfied for the present, with knowing so much; the Lady, who just now spoke to you, will acquaint you with the rest, therefore think of nothing but recovering your Health, I will contribute all that shall be in my Power towards it. Having spoke those Words, he left *Ganem* to take his rest, and went himself to provide all such Medicines for him, as were proper to recover his Strength, quite spent by Want and Toil.

During that time *Fetnah* was in the Room with *Alcolomb* and her Mother, where almost the same Scene was acted over again; for when *Ganem's* Mother, understood that the sick Man the Syndic had then newly brought into his House, was *Ganem* himself, she was so overjoyed, that she also swooned away; and when with the Assistance of *Fetnah*
and

and the Syndic's Wife, she was again come to herself, she would have got up, to go to see her Son ; but the Syndic coming in then, hindered her, giving her to understand, that *Ganem* was so weak and feeble that it would endanger his Life, to excite in him those Commotions, which must be the Consequence of the unexpected Sight of a beloved Mother and Sister. There was no occasion for the Syndic's making any long Discourses to persuade *Ganem's* Mother; as soon as she was told, that she could not discourse her Son, without hazarding his Life, she ceased insisting to go to see him. Then *Fetnah* turning the Discourse, said, Let us bless Heaven, for having brought us all together into one Place. I will return to the Palace, to give the Califf an Account of all these Adventures, and to morrow Morning I will return to you. This said, she embraced the Mother and the Daughter, and went away. As soon as she came to the Palace, she sent *Mefrour*, to desire to be admitted to the Califf in private, which was immediately granted; and being brought into that Prince's Closet, where he was alone, she prostrated herself at his Feet, with her Face on the Ground according to Custom. He commanded her to rise, and having made her sit down, asked whether she had heard any News of *Ganem*. Commander of true Believers, said she, I have been so successful, that I have found him, as also his Mother and Sister. The Califf was

cu-

curious to know, how she could find them in so short a time, and she satisfy'd his Curiosity, saying so many things in Commendation of *Ganem's* Mother and Sister, that he desir'd to see them, as well as the young Merchant.

Tho' *Haroun Alraschid* was passionate, and in his Heat sometimes guilty of cruel Actions; yet to make amends, he was just, and the most generous Prince in the World, as soon as his Anger was over, and he was made sensible of the Wrong he had done. Therefore, having no longer cause to doubt, but that he had unjustly persecuted *Ganem* and his Family, and having publicly wrong'd them, he resolv'd to make them publick Satisfaction. I am overjoy'd, said he to *Fetnah*, that your Search has prov'd so successful, it is a mighty Satisfaction to me, not so much for your Sake, as for my own. I will keep the Promise I have made you. You shall marry *Ganem*, and I here declare, that you are no longer my Slave, you are free. Go back to that young Merchant, and as soon as he has recover'd his Health, you shall bring him to me, with his Mother and Sister.

The next Morning early, *Fetnah* repair'd to the Syndic of the Jewellers, being impatient to hear of *Ganem's* Health, and to tell the Mother and the Daughter the good News she had for them. The first Person she met with, was the Syndic, who told her that *Ganem* had rested very
well

well that Night; and that his Distemper altogether proceeding from Melancholy, and the Cause being removed, he would soon recover his Health.

Accordingly the Son of *Abou Ayoub* was much mended. Rest and the good Medicines applied to him, but above all the Easiness of his Mind, had wrought so good an Effect, that the Syndic thought he might without danger see his Mother, his Sister, and his Mistress, provided he was prepared to receive them; because there was Ground to fear, that not knowing his Mother and Sister were at *Bagdat*, the Sight of them might occasion too great a Joy and Surprise. It was therefore resolved, that *Fetnah* should first go alone, into *Ganem's* Chamber, and then make a Sign to the two other Ladies to appear, when she thought fit.

Affairs being so ordered, the sick Man was acquainted with *Fetnah's* coming, by the Syndic, which was so ravishing a Sight to him, that he was again near falling into a Swoon. Well, *Ganem*, said she, drawing near to his Bed, you have again found your *Fetnah*, whom you thought you had lost for ever. Ah! Madam, said he, interrupting her, what Miracle has restored you to my Sight? I thought you were in the Califf's Palace; that Prince has doubtless given ear to you. You have dispell'd his Jealousy, and he has restor'd you to his Favour. Yes, my dear *Ganem*, answer'd *Fetnah*, I have cleared myself, before

fore the Commander of the true Believers, who to make amends for the Wrong he has done you, bestows me on you for a Wife. These last Words occasion'd such an Excess of Joy in *Ganem*, that he knew not for a while how to express himself, otherwise than by that passionate Silence, so well known to Lovers. At length he broke it with these Words: Ah, beautiful *Fetnah*, may I give Credit to what you tell me? May I believe that the Califf really resigns you to *Abou Ayoub's* Son? Nothing is more certain, answer'd the Lady. That Prince, who before caus'd Search to be made for you, to take away your Life, and who, in his Fury, caus'd your Mother and your Sister to suffer a thousand Indignities, desires now to see you, that he may reward the Respect you had for him; and there is no question to be made, but that he will be profuse in his Favours to your Family.

Ganem ask'd, what the Califf had done to his Mother and Sister, which *Fetnah* told him, and he could not forbear letting fall some Tears at that Relation, notwithstanding his Thoughts were so full of the News he had heard of being marry'd to his Mistress. But when *Fetnah* informed him, that they were actually in *Bagdat*, and in the same House with him, he appeared so impatient to see them, that the Favourite could no longer defer giving him that Satisfaction; and accordingly called them in. They were then at the Door,

only waiting that Moment. They came in, made up to *Ganem*, and embracing him in their Turns, gave him a thousand Kisses. How many Tears were shed amidst those Embraces! *Ganem's* Face was bathed with them, as well as his Mother's and Sister's; and *Fetnah* let fall Abundance. The Syndic himself and his Wife being moved at the Spectacle, could not forbear weeping, nor sufficiently admire the secret Workings of Providence, which brought together into their House, four Persons, whom Fortune had so cruelly parted.

When they had all dry'd up their Tears, *Ganem* drew a fresh Supply, by the Recital of all he had suffered from the Day he left *Fetnah*, till the Moment the Syndic brought him to his House. He told them, that having taken up in a small Village, he there fell sick, that some charitable Peasants had taken care of him, but finding he did not recover, a Camel-Driver had undertaken to carry him to the Hospital at *Bagdat*. *Fetnah* also told them all the Uneasiness of her Imprisonment, how the Califf having heard her talk in the Tower, had sent for her into his Closet, and how she had clear'd herself. In conclusion, when they had all related what Accidents had befallen them, *Fetnah* said, Let us bless Heaven, which has brought us all together again, and let us think of nothing but the Happiness that attends us. As soon as *Ganem* has recover'd his Health, he must appear before the Califf, with his Mother
and

and Sister; but because they are not in a Condition to be seen, I will go make some Provision for them, I desire you to stay a Moment for me.

This said, she went away to the Palace, and soon return'd to the Syndic's, with a Purse containing a thousand Pieces of Gold, which she delivered to the Syndic, desiring him to buy Cloaths for the Mother and Daughter. The Syndic, who was a Man of a good Fancy, chose such as were extraordinary fine, and had them made up with all speed. They were finish'd in three Days, and *Ganem* finding himself strong enough to go abroad, prepar'd for it; but on the Day he had appointed to go pay his Respects to the Califf, when he was making ready, with his Mother and Sister, the Grand Vizier *Giafar* came to the Syndic's House.

That Minister came on Horse-back, attended by a great Number of Officers. Sir, said he to *Ganem*, as soon as he came in, I am come from the Commander of the true Believers, my Master and yours; the Orders I have, differ very much from those which I do not care to revive in your Memory. I am to bear you Company, and to present you to the Califf, who is desirous to see you. *Ganem* return'd no other Answer to the Vizier's Compliment, than by profoundly bowing his Head, and then mounted a Horse brought from the Califf's Stables, which he manag'd very gracefully. The Mother and Daughter were mounted

on Mules belonging to the Palace, and whilst *Fetnab* led them a by-way to the Prince's Court, *Giafar* conducted *Ganem* another way, and brought him into the Presence-Chamber. The Califf was there sitting on his Throne, encompass'd with Emirs, Viziers, and other Attendants and Courtiers, *Arabs*, *Persians*, *Egyptians*, *Africans*, and *Syrians*, of his own Dominions, not to mention Strangers.

When the Vizier had conducted *Ganem* to the Foot of the Throne, that young Merchant paid his Obeisance, prostrating himself with his Face on the Ground, and then rising made his Compliment in Verse, which tho' extempore, met with the Approbation of the whole Court. After his Compliment, the Califf caus'd him to draw near, and said to him, I am glad to see you, and desire to hear from your own Mouth, where you found my Favourite, and all that you did for her. *Ganem* obey'd, and appear'd so sincere, that the Califf was convinc'd of the Reality of what he said. That Prince order'd a very rich Vest to be given him, according to the Custom observed with those who are admitted to Audience. After which he said to him, *Ganem*, I will have you live in my Court. Commander of the true Believers, answer'd the young Merchant, a Slave has no Will but his Master's, on whom his Life and Fortune depend. The Califf was highly pleas'd with *Ganem*'s Answer, and assign'd him a considerable Pension. Then that

Prince

Prince came down from his Throne, and causing only *Ganem* and the Grand Vizier to follow him, went into his own Apartment.

Not questioning but that *Fetnah* was there, with *Abou Ayoub's* Widow and Daughter, he caus'd them to be called in. They fell down before him: He made them rise; and was so taken with *Alcolomb's* Beauty, that after viewing her very attentively, he said, I am so sorry for having treated your Charms so unworthily, that I owe them such a Satisfaction as may surpass the Injury I have done them. I take you to Wife; and by that means shall punish *Zobeide*, who shall become the first Cause of your good Fortune, as she was of your past Sufferings. This is not all, added he, turning towards *Ganem's* Mother, you are still young, I believe you will not disdain to be ally'd to my Grand Vizier: I give you to *Giasar*. Let a Cadi and Witnesses be called, and the three Contracts be drawn up and sign'd immediately. *Ganem* would have represented to the Califf, that it would be Honour enough for his Sister to be one of his Favourites; but that Prince was resolv'd to marry her.

He thought this such an extraordinary Story, that he order'd a famous Historian to commit it to writing, with all its Circumstances. It was afterwards laid up in his Library, and many Copies being transcrib'd from that Original, it became publick.

When *Scheherazade* had ended the Story of *Ganem* the Son of *Abou Ayoub*, the Sultan of *India* declar'd he was well pleas'd with it. Sir, said the Sultaneſs then, ſince this Story has diverted you, I humbly beſeech your Maſteſty to hear that of the Prince *Zeyn Alafnam* and the King of the *Genii*, it will be no leſs pleaſing to you. *Schahriar* conſented to it: But the Day beginning to appear, it was put off till next Night. The Sultaneſs began it as follows.

The HISTORY of Prince Zeyn Alafnam, and the King of the Genii.

A King of *Baſſora*, who poſſeſs'd great Wealth, and was well belov'd by his Subjects, had no Children, which was a great Affliction to him; and therefore he made Preſents to all holy Perſons in his Dominions, to engage them to beg a Son for him of Heaven: And their Prayers being effectual, the Queen prov'd with Child, and was happily deliver'd of a Prince, who was named *Zeyn Alafnam*, which ſignifies *Ornament of the Statues*.

The King cauſ'd all the Aſtrologers in his Kingdom to be aſſembled, and order'd them to calculate the Infant's Nativity. They found by their Obſervations that he would live long, and be very brave; but that all his Courage would be little enough to bear him
through

through the Misfortunes that threatned him. The King was not daunted at that Prediction: My Son, said he, is not to be pitied, since he will be brave: It is fit that Princes should have a Taste of Misfortunes; for Adversity tries Virtue, and they are the fitter to reign.

He rewarded the Astrologers, and dismiss'd them; and caus'd *Zeyn* to be educated with the greatest Care imaginable, appointing him able Masters as soon as he was of Age to receive their Instructions. In short, he propos'd to make him an accomplish'd Prince, when on a sudden that good King fell sick of a Distemper, which all the Skill of his Physicians could not cure. Perceiving his Disease was mortal, he sent for his Son, and among other Things advis'd him, rather to endeavour to be belov'd, than to be fear'd by his People; not to give ear to Flatterers; to be as slow in rewarding as in punishing, because it often happens that Monarchs, misled by false Appearances, load wicked Men with Favours, and oppress the innocent.

As soon as King *Zeyn* was dead, Prince *Zeyn* went into Mourning, which he wore seven Days, and the eighth he ascended the Throne, taking his Father's Seal off the Royal Treasure, and putting on his own, beginning thus to taste the Sweets of Ruling; the Pleasure of seeing all his Courtiers bow down before him, and make it their whole Business to shew their Zeal and Obedience. In a word, the Sovereign

Power was too agreeable to him. He only regarded what his Subjects ow'd to him, without considering what his Duty was towards them, and consequently took little care to govern them well. He wallow'd in all Sorts of Debauchery among the voluptuous Youth, on whom he confer'd the prime Employments in the Kingdom, so that there was nothing regular. Being naturally prodigal, he set no Bounds to his Grants, so that his Women and his Favourites insensibly drain'd his Treasure.

The Queen his Mother was still living, a discreet wise Princess. She had several times unsuccessfully tryed to give some Check to her Son's Prodigality and Debauchery, giving him to understand, That if he did not soon take another Course, he would not only squander his Wealth, but would also alienate the Minds of his People, and occasion some Revolution, which perhaps might cost him his Crown and his Life. What she had foretold was very near falling out: The People began to mutter against the Government, and their muttering had certainly been followed by a general Revolt, had not the Queen by her Dexterity prevented it. But that Princess being inform'd of the ill Posture of Affairs, gave notice to the King, who at last suffered himself to be prevailed upon. He committed the Government to discreet antient Men, who knew how to keep the People within the Bounds of Duty.

Zeyn

Zeyn seeing all this Wealth consumed, repented that he had made no better use of it. He fell into a dismal Melancholy, and nothing could comfort him. One Night he saw in a Dream a venerable old Man, who came towards him, and with a smiling Countenance said, Know, *Zeyn*, that there is no Sorrow but what is followed by Mirth, no Misfortune but what in the End brings some Happiness. If you desire to see the End of your Affliction, get up, set out for *Egypt*, go to *Grand Caire*, a greater Fortune attends you there.

The Prince, when he awaked in the Morning, reflected on his Dream, and talked of it very seriously to his Mother, who only laughed at it. My Son, said she to him, would not you now go into *Egypt* upon Belief of that fine Dream? Why not, Madam, answer'd *Zeyn*, do you imagine all Dreams are chimerical? No, no, some of them are mysterious. My Masters have told me a thousand Stories, which will not permit me to doubt of it. Besides, though I were not otherwise convinced, I could not forbear giving some Credit to it. The old Man that appear'd to me had something supernatural: He was not one of those Men whom nothing but Age makes venerable; there appeared a sort of divine Air about his Person. In short, he was such a one as our great Prophet is represented; and if you will have me tell you what I think, I believe it was he, who pitying my Affliction, designs to ease it. I rely on the Confidence he has inspired me

with. I am full of his Promises, and have resolved to follow his Advice. The Queen endeavoured to dissuade him, but it was in vain. The Prince committed to her the Government of the Kingdom, set out one Night very privately from his Palace, and took the Road to *Cairo*, without suffering any Person to attend him.

After much Trouble and Fatigue, he arrived at that famous City, like which there are few in the World, either for Extent or Beauty. He alighted at the Gate of a Mosque, where, being spent with Weariness, he lay down. No sooner was he fallen asleep than he saw the same old Man, who said to him, I am pleased with you, my Son, you have given credit to my Words. You are come hither, without being deterr'd by the Length or the Difficulties of the Way; but take notice, that I have not put you upon undertaking such a long Journey, upon any other Design than to make Tryal of you. I find you have Courage and Resolution. You deserve I should make you the greatest and the richest Prince in the World. Return to *Balsora*, and you shall find immense Wealth in your Palace. No King ever possessed so much as there is.

The Prince was not pleased with that Dream. Alas! thought he to himself, when he awaked, how much was I mistaken? That old Man, whom I took for our Prophet, is no other than the Product of my disturbed Imagination. My Fancy was so full of him, that it is no Wonder I

have seen him again. I had best return to *Balsora*, what should I do here any longer? It is very happy that I told none but my Mother the Occasion of my Journey: I should become a Jest to my People if they knew it.

Accordingly he set out again for his Kingdom, and as soon as arriv'd there, the Queen ask'd him, whether he return'd well pleas'd. He told her all that had happen'd, and was so much concerned for having been so credulous, that the Queen, instead of adding to his Vexation, by reproving or laughing at him, comforted him. Forbear afflicting yourself my Son, said she, if God has appointed you Riches, you will have them without any Trouble. Be easy; all that I recommend to you, is to be Virtuous: Renounce the Delight of Dancing, Musick, and high coloured Wine: Shun all Pleasures, they have already almost ruined you; apply yourself to making of your Subjects happy, and securing their Happiness, you will fix your own.

Prince *Zeyn* swore he would for the future follow his Mother's Advice, and be directed by the wise Viziers she had made choice of to assist him in supporting the Weight of the Government. But the very first Night after he returned to his Palace, he the third time saw in a Dream, the old Man, who said to him, *The Time of your Prosperity is come, brave Zeyn, to-morrow Morning, as soon as you are up, take a little Pick-Axe, and go dig in your*
Father's

Father's Closet, you will there find a mighty Treasure.

As soon as the Prince awak'd, he got up, ran to the Queen's Apartment, and with much Earnestness told her the new Dream of that Night. Really, my Son, said his Mother, that is a very positive Man: He is not satisfy'd with having deceiv'd you twice: Have you a mind to believe him again? No, Madam, answer'd Zeyn, I give no Credit to what he has said; but I will for my own Satisfaction search my Father's Closet. I really fancy'd so, cry'd the Queen, laughing out very heartily; go my Son, please yourself, my Comfort is, that Work is not so toilsome as the Journey to *Egypt*.

Well, Madam, answer'd the King, I must own, that this third Dream has restor'd my Belief, for it agrees with the two others; and in short let us examine the old Man's Words. He first directed me to go into *Egypt*; there he told me, he had put me upon taking that Journey, only to try me. Return to *Balsora*, said he, that is the Place where you are to find Treasures: This Night he has exactly pointed out to me the Place where they are: These three Dreams, in my Opinion, are connected. After all, they may be chimerical; but I would rather search in vain, than blame myself as long as I live, for having perhaps miss'd of great Riches, by being unreasonably too hard of Belief.



Having

Having spoken these Words, he left the Queen's Apartment, caus'd a Pick-Axe to be brought him, and went alone into the late King's Clofet. He fell to breaking up the Ground, and took up above half the square Stones it was pav'd with, and yet not the least Appearance of what he sought after. He ceas'd working, to take a little Rest, thinking with himself, I am much afraid my Mother had cause enough to laugh at me. However, he took heart, and went on with his Labour, nor had he cause to repent, for on a sudden he discovered a white Stone, which he took up, and under it found a Door, made fast with a Steel-Padlock, which he broke with the Pick-Axe, and open'd the Door, which covered a Stair-Cafe of white Marble. He immediately lighted a Candle, and went down those Stairs into a Room, the Floor whereof was laid with Tiles of *China* Ware, and the Roof and Walls were of Crystal; but he particularly fix'd his Eyes upon four Places, a little rais'd above the rest of the Floor, on each of which there were ten Urns of Porphyry Stone. He fancy'd they were full of Wine: Well, said he, that Wine must needs be very old, I do not question but it is excellent. He went up to one of the Urns, took off the Cover, and with no less Joy than Surprize, perceiv'd it was full of Pieces of Gold. He search'd all the forty, one after another, and found them full of the same Coin, took out a handful, and carry'd it to the Queen.

That

That Princess was as much amaz'd as can be imagin'd, when the King gave her an Account of all he had seen. O! my Son, said she, take heed that you do not lavish away all the Treasure foolishly, as you have already done the Royal Treasure. Let not your Enemies have so much occasion to rejoice. No, Madam, answer'd Zeyn, I will from henceforward live after such a manner as shall be pleasing to you.

The Queen desir'd the King her Son to conduct her to that wonderful subterraneous Place, which the late King, her Husband, had made with such Secrecy, that she had never heard the least Account of it. Zeyn led her to the Closet, down the Marble Stairs, and into the Chamber where the Urns were. She observ'd every thing with singular Curiosity, and in a Corner spy'd a little Urn of the same sort of Stone as the others. The Prince had not before taken notice of it, but opening, found in it a Gold Key. My Son, said the Queen, this Key certainly belongs to some other Treasure; let us look all about, perhaps we may discover the Use it is design'd for.

They view'd all the Chamber with the utmost Exactness, and at length found a Key-hole in one of the Pannels of the Wall, and guess'd it to be that, the Key belong'd to. The King immediately try'd, and as readily open'd the Door, which led into a Chamber, in the midst of which were nine Pedestals of massy Gold, on eight of which stood as many Statues, each of them
made

made of one single Diamond, and from them came such a Brightness, that the whole Room was perfectly light.

O Heavens, cry'd *Zeyn*, in a wonderful Surprise, where could my Father find such Rarities? The ninth Pedestal redoubl'd their Amazement, for it was cover'd with a Piece of white Sattin, on which were writ these Words, Dear Son, it cost me much Toil to get these Statues; but tho' they are extraordinary beautiful, you must understand that there is a Ninth in the World, which surpasses them all; That alone is worth more than a thousand such as these: If you desire to be Master of it, go to the City of *Cairo* in *Egypt*; one of my old Slaves, whose Name is *Morabec*, lives there, you will easily find him; the first Person you shall meet, will show you his House; go seek, and tell him all that has befallen you: He will know you to be my Son, and he will conduct you to the Place where that wonderful Statue is, which you will get with Safety.

The Prince having read those Words, said to the Queen, I will not be without that ninth Statue; it must certainly be a very rare Piece, since all these here are not of so great a Value together. I will set out speedily for *Grand Cairo*; nor do I believe, Madam, that you will oppose my Design. No, my Son, answer'd the Queen, I am not against it: You are certainly under the special Protection of our great Prophet, he will not suffer you to perish in this Journey. Set out when you think fit: Your Viziers

Viziers and I will take care of the Government during your Absence. The Prince made ready his Equipage, but would take only a small Number of Slaves with him.

Nothing remarkable befel him by the way, but arriving at *Cairo*, he enquir'd for *Morabec*. The People told him he was one of the wealthiest Inhabitants of the City; that he liv'd like a great Lord, and that he kept open House, especially for Strangers. *Zeyn* was conducted thither, knock'd at the Gate, which a Slave open'd, and said, What is it you want, and who are you? I am a Stranger, answered the Prince, and having heard much of the Lord *Morabec's* Generosity, am come to take up my Lodging with him. The Slave desir'd *Zeyn* to stay a while, and went to acquaint his Master, who order'd him to desire the Stranger to walk in. The Slave return'd to the Gate, and told the Prince he was welcome.

Zeyn went in, cross'd a large Court, and enter'd into a Hall magnificently furnished, where *Morabec* expected and received him very courteously, returning Thanks for the Honour he did him, in accepting of a Lodging in his House. The Prince having answer'd his Compliment, said to *Morabec*, I am Son to the late King of *Balsora*, and my Name is *Zeyn Alafnam*. That King, said *Morabec*, was formerly my Master, but, my Lord, I never knew of any Children he had; what Age are you of? I am twenty Years old, answer'd the Prince. How long

is it since you left my Father's Court? Almost two and twenty Years, replied *Morabec*: But how can you convince me that you are his Son? My Father, rejoined *Zeyn* had a subterraneous Place under his Closet in which I have found forty Porphyry Urns full of Gold. And what more is there, said *Morabec*? There are, answered the Prince, nine Pedestals of massy Gold: on eight whereof there are eight Diamond Statues; and on the ninth, is a Piece of white Satin, on which my Father has writ what I am to do to get another Statue, more valuable than all those together. You know where that Statue is; for it is mentioned on the Satin, that you will conduct me to it.

As soon as he had spoke these words, *Morabec* fell down at his Feet and kissing one of his Hands several times, said, I bless God for having brought you hither: I know you to be the King of *Balsora*'s Son. If you will go to the Place where the wonderful Statue is, I will conduct you; but you must first rest here a few days. This day I treat the great Men of the Court: We were at Table when word was brought me of your being at the Door. Will you vouchsafe to come and be merry with us? I shall be very glad, replied *Zeyn*, to be admitted to your Feast. *Morabec* immediately led him into a Dome where the Company was, seated him at Table, and served him on the Knee. The great Men of *Cairo* were surprized, and whispered to

to one another, Who is this Stranger, to whom *Morabec* pays so much Respect?

When they had dined, *Morabec* directing his Discourse to the Company, said, Great Men of *Cairo*, do not think much to see me serve this young Stranger after this manner: Be it known to you, that he is the Son of the King of *Balsora*, my Master. His Father purchased me with his Money, and died without making me free; so that I am still a Slave, and consequently all I have of right belongs to this young Prince, his sole Heir. Here *Zeyn* interrupted him: *Morabec*, said he, I declare, before all these Lords, that I make you free from this moment, and that I renounce all Right to your Person, and all you possess. Consider what you would have me do more for you. *Morabec* then kissed the Ground, and returned the Prince most hearty Thanks. Wine was then brought in, they drank all the Day, and towards the Evening Presents were distributed among the Guests, who then went away.

The next Day *Zeyn* said to *Morabec*, I have taken rest enough. I came not to *Cairo* to take my Pleasure; my Design is to get the ninth Statue: It is time for us to set out in search of it. Sir, said *Morabec* I am ready to comply with your Desires; but you know not what Dangers you must encounter to gain that precious Conquest. Whatsoever the Danger may be, answered the Prince, I have resolved to undertake it: I will either perish or succeed, All that hap-

happens in this World is by God's Direction. Do you but bear me company, and let your Resolution be equal to mine.

Morabec finding him resolved to set out, called his Servants, and ordered them to make ready his Equipage. Then the Prince and he performed the Ablution, or Washing, and the Prayer enjoined, which is called *Farz*; and that done, they set out. By the way they took notice of abundance of strange and wonderful things, and travelled many Days: At the end whereof, being come to a delicious Place, they alighted from their Horses. Then *Morabec* said to all the Servants that attended them, do you stay in this Place, and take care of your Equipage till we return. Next he said to *Zeyn*, now, Sir, let us two go on by our selves. We are near the dreadful Place, where the ninth Statue is kept. You will stand in need of all your Courage.

They soon came to a Lake, *Morabec* sat down on the Brink of it, saying to the Prince, We must cross this Sea. How can we cross it, answered *Zeyn*, when we have no Boat? You will see one appear in a moment replied *Morabec*: The enchanted Boat of the King of the *Genii* will come for us. But do not forget what I am going to say to you: You must observe a profound Silence: Do not speak to the Waterman, though his Figure seem never so strange to you: Whatsoever you observe, say nothing; for I tell you beforehand, that if you utter the least Word when we are embarked,
the

the Boat will sink down. I shall take care to hold my Peace, said the Prince, you need only tell me what I am to do, and I will strictly observe it.

Whilst they were thus talking, he spied on a sudden a Boat in the Lake, and it was made of red Sanders. It had a Mast of fine Amber, and a blue Satin Flag: There was only one Waterman in it, whose Head was like an Elephant's, and his Body like a Tyger's. When the Boat was come up to the Prince and *Morabec*, the monstrous Waterman took them up one after another with his Trunk, and put them into the Boat, and then carried them over the Lake in a moment. He then again took them up with his Trunk, set them ashore, and immediately vanished with his Boat.

Now we may talk, said *Morabec*: The Island we are on, belongs to the King of the *Genii*; there are no more such throughout the World. Look all about you, Prince; can there be a more delightful Place? It is certainly a lively Representation of that charming Place God has appointed for the faithful Observers of our Law. Behold the Fields adorned with all Sorts of Flowers and odoriferous Plants: Admire those fine Trees, whose delicious Fruit makes the Branches hang down to the Ground: Enjoy the Delight of those harmonious Songs, formed in the Air by a thousand Birds of as many various Sorts, unknown in other Countries. *Zeyn* could never sufficiently admire the Beauty of those

those things that were about him, and still found something new, as he advanced farther into the Island.

At length they came before a Palace, all of fine Emeralds, encompassed with a Ditch, on the Banks whereof, at certain Distances, were planted such tall Trees, that they shaded the whole Palace. Before the Gate, which was of massy Gold, was a Bridge made of one single Shell of a Fish though it was at least six Fathom long, and three in breadth. At the Head of the Bridge stood a Company of *Genii*, of a prodigious height, who guarded the Entrance into the Castle with great Clubs of *China* Steel.

Let us go no farther, said *Morabec*, those *Genii* will beat our Brains out: And if we would prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magical Ceremony. He then drew out of a Purse he had under his Garment four long Slips of yellow Taffety: One he put about his Middle, and laid the other on his Back, giving the other two to the Prince, who did the like. Then *Morabec* laid on the Ground two great Table-Cloths, on the Edges whereof he scattered some precious Stones, Musk and Amber. Then he sat down on one of those Cloths, and *Zeyn* on the other; and *Morabec* said to the Prince, I will now, Sir, conjure the King of the *Genii*, who lives in the Palace that is before us, that he may come peaceably to us. I confess I am somewhat uneasy about the Reception
he

he is like to give us. If our coming into his Island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the Shape of a dreadful Monster; but if he approves of your Design, he will come in the Shape of a handsome Man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your Cloth; for you would certainly perish, should you stir off it. You must say to him, Sovereign Lord of the *Genii*, my Father, who was your Servant, has been taken away by the Angel of Death; I wish your Majesty may protect me, as you always protected my Father. If the King of the *Genii*, added *Morabec*, ask you what Favour you desire of him, you must answer, Sir, I most humbly beg of you to give me the Ninth Statue.

Morabec, having thus instructed Prince *Zeyn*, began his Conjurat[i]on. Immediately their Eyes were dazzled with a long Flash of Lightning, which was followed by a Clap of Thunder. The whole Island was covered with a hideous Darkne[s]s, a furious Storm of Wind blew, a dreadful Cry was heard, the Island felt a Shock, and there was such an Earthquake as that which *Afrasyel* is to cause on the Day of Judgment.

Zeyn was somewhat startled, and began to look upon that Noise as a very ill Omen, when *Morabec*, who knew better than he what to think of it, began to smile, and said, Be not dismayed, my Prince, all goes well. In short, that very moment, the
King

King of the *Genii* appear'd in the Shape of a very handsome Man, yet there was something of Sternness in his Air.

As soon as Prince *Zeyn* had made him the Compliment he had been taught by *Morabec*, the King of the *Genii* smiling, answer'd, My Son, I lov'd your Father, and every time he came to pay me his Respects, I presented him with a Statue, which he carried away with him. I have no less Kindness for you. I oblig'd your Father, some Days before he died, to write that which you read on the Piece of white Sattin. I promis'd him to receive you under my Protection, and to give you the ninth Statue, which in Beauty surpasses those you have already. I have begun to perform my Promise to him. It was I whom you saw in a Dream in the Shape of an old Man: I caus'd you to open the subterraneous Place, where the Urns and the Statues are: I have a great Share in all that has befallen you, or rather am the Occasion of it. I know the Motive that brought you hither: You shall obtain what you desire. Tho' I had not promis'd your Father to give it, I would willingly grant it to you: But you must first swear to me by all that is sacred, that you will return to this Island, and that you will bring me a Maid that is in her fifteenth Year, and who has never known Man, nor desir'd to know any. She must also be perfectly beautiful; and you so much a Master of yourself, as not even to desire to enjoy her as you are conducting her hither.

Zeyn

Zeyn took the rash Oath that was requir'd of him. But, Sir, said he, then suppose I should be so fortunate as to meet with such a Maid as you require, how shall I know that I have found her? I own, answer'd the King of the *Genii*, smiling, that you might be mistaken in her Mien: That Knowledge is above the Sons of *Adam*, and therefore I do not intend to depend upon your Judgment in that particular: I will give you a Looking-Glass, which will be surer than your Conjectures. When you shall have seen a Maiden fifteen Years of Age, perfectly beautiful, you shall only need to look into the Glass, in which you will see the Maiden's Representation. If she be chaste, the Glass will remain clean and unfully'd: But if, on the contrary, it sullies, that will be a certain Sign that she has not been always undefiled, or at least that she has desir'd to cease being so. Do not forget the Oath you have taken; be sure to keep it, as becomes a Man of Honour; otherwise I will take away your Life, as much Kindness as I have for you. Prince *Zeyn Alasnam* protested over again that he would faithfully keep his Word.

Then the King of the *Genii* deliver'd to him a Looking-Glass, saying, My Son, you may return when you please. There is the Glass you are to make use of. *Zeyn* and *Morabec* took leave of the King of the *Genii*, and went towards the Lake. The Waterman with the Elephant's Head brought his Boat, and carried them over the Lake as he

had done before. They joined their Servants, and returned with them again to *Cairo*.

Prince *Alesnam* rested a few Days at *Morabec's* House, and then said to him, Let us go to *Bagdat*, to seek a Maiden for the King of the *Genii*. Why are not we at *Grand Cairo*, said *Morabec*? Shall not we there find beautiful Maids enough? You are in the right, answered the Prince; but how shall we do to find where they are? Do not trouble yourself about that, Sir, answered *Morabec*; I know a very cunning old Woman, whom I will entrust with that Affair, and she will acquit herself well of it.

Accordingly the old Woman found means to shew the Prince a considerable Number of beautiful Maidens of fifteen Years of Age: But when he had viewed them, and came to consult his Looking-Glass, the fatal Touchstone of their Virtue, the Glass always appeared sullied. All the Maidens in the Court and City, that were in their fifteenth Year, underwent the Tryal one after another, and the Glass never remained bright and clear.

When they saw there were no chaste Maids to be found in *Cairo*, they went away to *Bagdat*, where they hired a magnificent Palace in one of the chief Quarters of the City, and began to live splendidly. They kept open House; and after all People had eaten in the Palace, the Fragments were carried to the *Dervices*, who by that Means had a convenient Subsistence.

There liv'd in that Quarter an *Iman*, whose Name was *Boubekir Muesin*, a vain, haughty, and envious Person : He hated the rich, only because he was poor, his Misery incensing him against his Neighbour's Prosperity. He heard talk of *Zeyn Alasnam*, and of the Plenty his House afforded. This was enough for him to take an Aversion to that Prince ; and it proceeded so far, that one Day after the Evening Prayer, in the Mosque, he said to the People, Brethren, I have been told, a Stranger is come to live in our Ward, who is at a prodigious Expence every Day. What can we tell but that this unknown Person is some Villain, who has committed a great Robbery in his own Country, and comes hither to make much of himself. Let us take heed, Brethren, if the Califf should happen to be inform'd that such a Man is in our Ward, it is to be fear'd that he will punish us for not acquainting him with it. I declare for my part I wash my Hands of it, and if any thing should happen amiss, it shall not lie at my Door. The Multitude, who are easily led away, unanimously cry'd to *Boubekir*, it is your Business, Doctor ; do you acquaint the Council with it. The *Iman* went home well pleas'd, and drew up a Memorial, resolving to present it to the Califf the next Day.

But *Morabec*, who had been at Prayers, and heard all that was said by the Doctor, as well as the rest of the Company, put five hundred Pieces of Gold into an Handkerchief,

chief, made up with a Parcel of several Silks, and went away to *Boubekir's* House. The Doctor ask'd him in a harsh Tone what he wanted? Doctor, answer'd *Morabec*, with an obliging Air, and at the same time putting into his Hands the Gold and the Silks, I am your Neighbour and your Servant: I come from Prince *Zeyn*, who lives in this Ward: He has heard of your Worth, and has order'd me to come and tell you, that he desires to be acquainted with you, and in the mean time desires you to accept of this small Present. *Boubekir* was transported with Joy, and answer'd *Morabec* thus; Be pleas'd, Sir, to beg the Prince's Pardon for me: I am ashamed I have not yet been to see him, but I will atone for my Fault, and wait on him to-morrow.

Accordingly the next Day, after Morning Prayer, he said to the People, You must understand, Brethren, that no Man is without some Enemies: Envy pursues those chiefly who are very rich. The Stranger I spoke to you about yesterday in the Evening is no ill Man, as some ill designing Persons would have persuaded me: He is a young Prince, endu'd with all manner of Virtues. It behoves us to take care how we go about to give any ill Account of him to the Califf.

Boubekir having thus wiped off the ill Impression he had the Day before given the People concerning *Zeyn*, return'd home, put on his best Apparel, and went to visit that

young Prince, who gave him a courteous Reception. After several Compliments had pass'd on both sides, *Boubekir* said to the Prince, Sir, do you design to stay long at *Bagdat* ? I shall stay, answer'd *Zeyn*, till I can find a Maid fifteen Years of Age, perfectly beautiful, and so chaste, that she has not only never known Man, but even never desir'd to know him. You seek after a Rarity, reply'd the *Iman* ; and I shou'd be apt to fear your Search wou'd prove unsuccessful, did I not know where there is a Maid of that Character. Her Father was formerly Vizier ; but he has left the Court, and liv'd a long time in a House out of the way, where he applies himself only to the Education of his Daughter. If you please, I will go ask her of him for you : I do not question but he will be over-joy'd to have a Son-in-Law of your Quality. Not so fast, said the Prince, I shall not marry that Maid before I know whether I like her. As for her Beauty, I can depend on you ; but what Assurance can you give me in relation to her Virtue ? What Assurance do you require, said *Boubekir* ; I must see her Face, answer'd *Zeyn* ; that is enough for me to come to a Resolution. You are skilful then in Physiognomy ; reply'd the *Iman*, smiling. Well, come along with me to her Father's : I will desire him to let you see her one Moment in his Presence.

Muesin conducted the Prince to the Vizier's ; who, as soon as he was acquainted with the Prince's Birth and Design, call'd his Daughter,

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Daughter, and made her take off her Veil. Never had the young King of *Balsora* beheld such a perfect and powerful Beauty. He stood amaz'd; and since he could then try whether the Maid was as chaste as fair, he pull'd out his Glass, which remained bright and unsully'd.

When he perceived he had at length found such a Person as he desir'd, he intreated the Vizier to grant her to him. Immediately the Lady was sent for, and came; the Contract was signed, and the Marriage-Prayer said. After which Ceremony, *Zeyn* carry'd the Vizier to his House, where he treated him magnificently, and gave him considerable Presents. Next he sent a prodigious Quantity of Jewels to the Bride by *Morabec*, who brought her to his House, where the Wedding was kept with all the Pomp that became *Zeyn's* Quality. When all the Company was dismiss'd, *Morabec* said to his Master, let us be gone, Sir; let us not stay any longer at *Bagdat*, but return to *Cairo*: Remember the Promise you made the King of the *Genii*. Let us go, answer'd the Prince, I must take care to perform it exactly; yet I must confess, my dear *Morabec*, that if I obey the King of the *Genii*, it is not without Reluctancy. The Person I have marry'd is charming, and I am tempted to carry her to *Balsora*, and place her on the Throne. Alas! Sir, answered *Morabec*, take heed how you give way to your Inclination: Make yourself Master of your

Passions, and whatsoever it costs you, be as good as your Word to the King of the *Genii*. Well then, *Morabec*, said the Prince, do you take care to conceal that lovely Maid from me ; let her never appear in my Sight ; perhaps I have already seen too much of her.

Morabec made all ready for their Departure, they return'd to *Cairo*, and thence set out for the Island of the King of the *Genii*. When they were there, the Maid, who had perform'd the Journey in a Horse-Litter, and whom the Prince had never seen since his Wedding-Day, said to *Morabec*, where are we ? Shall we be soon in the Dominions of the Prince my Husband ? Madam, answer'd *Morabec*, it is time to undeceive you. Prince *Zeyn* marry'd you, only in order to get you from your Father: He did not engage his Faith to you, to make you Sovereign of *Balsora*, but to deliver you to the King of the *Genii*, who has ask'd of him a Virgin of your Character. Hearing these Words, she wept bitterly, which mov'd the Prince and *Morabec*. Take pity on me, said she ; I am a Stranger, you will be accountable to God for your Treachery towards me.

Her Tears and Complaints were of no Effect, for she was presented to the King of the *Genii*, who having gaz'd on her very earnestly, said to *Zeyn*, Prince, I am satisfy'd with your Behaviour ; the Virgin you have brought me, is beautiful and chaste, and I am pleas'd with the Force
you

you have put upon yourself to be as good as your Word to me. Return to your Dominions, and when you shall enter the subterraneous Room, where the eight Statues are, you will find the ninth, which I promis'd you. I will go make my *Genii* carry it thither. *Zeyn* thank'd the King, and return'd to *Cairo* with *Morabec*, but did not stay long there, his Impatience to see the ninth Statue made him hasten his Journey. However, he could not but often think on the Virgin he had marry'd; and blaming himself for having deceiv'd her, he look'd upon himself as the Cause and Instrument of her Misfortune. Alas! said he to himself, I have taken her from a tender Father, to sacrifice her to a *Genius*. O incomparable Beauty! you deserve a better Fate.

Prince *Zeyn* disturb'd with these Thoughts, at length reach'd *Balsora*, where his Subjects made extraordinary Rejoycings for his Return. He went directly to give his Mother an Account of his Journey, who was in a Rapture to hear he had obtain'd the ninth Statue. Let us go, my Son, said she, let us go see it, for it is certainly in the Chamber under Ground, since the King of the *Genii* told you, you should find it there. The young King and his Mother being both impatient to see that wonderful Statue, went down into the subterraneous Place, and into the Room of the Statues; but how great was their Surprise, when instead of a Statue of Dia-

monds, they spied on the ninth Pedestal a most beautiful Virgin, whom the Prince knew to be the same he had conducted into the Island of the *Genii*. Prince, said the young Maid, you are amazed to see me here; you expected to have found something more precious than me, and I question not, but that you now repent having taken so much Trouble: You expected a better Reward. Madam, answered Zeyn, Heaven is my Witness, that I more than once thought to have broke my Word with the King of the *Genii*, to keep you to myself. Whatsoever the Value of a Diamond Statue may be, is it worth the Satisfaction of enjoying you? I love you above all the Diamonds and Wealth in the World.

Just as he had done speaking these Words, a Clap of Thunder was heard, which made that subterraneous Place shake. Zeyn's Mother was frightened, but the King of the *Genii* immediately appearing, dispelled the Dread. Madam, said he to her, I protect and love your Son: I had a mind to try, whether at his Age, he could subdue his Passions. I know the Charms of this young Lady have wrought on him, and that he did not punctually keep the Promise he had made me, not to desire to enjoy her; but I am too well acquainted with the Frailty of human Race. This is the ninth Statue I designed for him; it is more rare and precious than the others. Live, said he, (directing his Discourse

course to the young Prince) live happy, Zeyn, with this young Lady, who is your Wife ; and if you would have her true and constant to you, love her always, and love her alone. Give her no Rival, and I will answer for her Fidelity. Having spoke these Words, the King of the *Genii* vanish'd, and Zeyn ravish'd with that young Lady, consummated the Marriage the same Day, and caus'd her to be proclaim'd Queen of *Balsora*. Those two ever faithful and loving Consorts, lived together many Years.

As soon as the Sultaneſs of *India* had concluded the Story of Prince *Zeyn Alaſnam*, ſhe ask'd leave to begin another, which *Schabriar* having granted her for the next Night, becauſe it was then near Break of Day, that Princeſs delivered it as follows.

*The HISTORY of Codadad, and
his Brothers.*

THOSE who have written the Hiſtory of the Kingdom of *Diarbekir*, inform us, that there formerly reign'd a moſt magnificent King, in the City of *Harran*, who lov'd his Subjects, and was equally beloved by them. He was endued with all Virtues, and wanted nothing to compleat his Happineſs but an Heir. Though he had the fineſt Women in the World in his Seraglio, yet was he de-

stitute of Children. He continually pray'd to Heaven for them, and one Night in his Sleep, a comely Person, or rather a Prophet, appear'd to him, and said : Your Prayers are heard ; you have obtain'd what you desir'd ; rise as soon as you awake, go to your Prayers, and make two Genuflexions, then walk into the Garden of your Palace, call your Gardener, and bid him bring you a Pomegranate, eat as many of the Seeds as you think fit, and your Wishes shall be accomplish'd.

The King calling to mind his Dream, when he awak'd, return'd Thanks to Heaven, got up, fell to his Prayers, made two Genuflexions, and then went down into his Garden, where he took 50 Pomegranate Seeds, which he counted, and eat them. He had 50 Wives who shar'd in his Bed, they all prov'd with Child ; but there was one call'd *Pirouze*, who did not appear to be big-belly'd. He took an Aversion to that Lady, and would have her put to Death. Her Barrenness, said he, is a certain Token, that Heaven does not judge *Pirouze* worthy to bear a Prince ; it is my Duty to deliver the World from an Object that is odious to the Lord. He had taken this cruel Resolution ; but his Vizier diverted him from putting it in Execution ; representing to him, that all Women were not of the same Constitution, and that it was not impossible but that *Pirouze* might be with Child, tho' it did not appear. Well,
answer'd

answer'd the King, let her live ; but let her depart my Court, for I cannot endure her. Your Majesty, reply'd the Vizier, may send her to Prince *Samer*, your Cousin. The King approv'd of his Advice, he sent *Pirouze* to *Samaria*, with a Letter, in which he order'd his Cousin to treat her well, and in case she prov'd with Child, to give him notice of her being brought to Bed.

No sooner was *Pirouze* arriv'd in that Country, but it appear'd that she was with Child, and at length she was deliver'd of a most beautiful Prince. The Prince of *Samaria* wrote immediately to the King of *Harran*, to acquaint him with the Birth of that Son, and to congratulate him on that Occasion. The King was much rejoyc'd at it, and answer'd Prince *Samer*, as follows : Cousin, all my other Wives have also been deliver'd of each a Prince ; so that we have a great Number of Children here. I desire you to breed up that of *Pirouze*, to give him the Name of *Codadad*, and to send him to me when I shall give you Notice.

The Prince of *Samaria* spar'd nothing that might improve the Education of his Nephew. He taught him to ride, to shoot with a Bow, and all other Things becoming the Son of a King ; so that *Codadad*, at eighteen Years of Age, was look'd upon as a Prodigy. The young Prince being inspir'd with a Courage worthy his Birth, said one Day to his Mother, Madam, I
begin

begin to grow weary of *Samaria* ; I find myself inclined to gain Renown ; give me leave to go seek it amidst the Perils of War. My Father, the King of *Harran*, has many Enemies, some neighbouring Princes make it their Business to disturb him. Why does he not call me to his Assistance ? Why does he leave me here so long, like an Infant ? Must I spend my Life here in Sloth, when all my Brothers have the good Fortune to be fighting by his Side ? My Son, answered *Pirouze*, I am no less impatient to have your Name become famous ; I could wish you had already signalized yourself against your Father's Enemies ; but we must wait till he requires it. No, Madam, replied *Codadad*, I have already waited but too long. I long to see the King, and am tempted to go offer him my Service, as a young Gentleman unknown : No doubt but he will accept of it, and I will not discover myself, till I have performed a thousand glorious Actions : I design to merit his Esteem before he knows who I am. *Pirouze* approv'd of his generous Resolution, and *Codadad* one Day departed *Samaria*, as if he had been going a Hunting, without acquainting Prince *Samer*, for fear he should thwart his Design.

He was mounted on a white Horse, who had a Gold Bit and Shoes, his Housling was of blue Sattin, embroider'd with Pearls ; the Hilt of his Scimiter was of one entire Diamond, and the Scabbard of Sandal-

dal-Wood, all adorn'd with Emeralds and Rubies, and on his Shoulder his Bow and Quiver. In this Equipage, which added much to his good Mien, he arriv'd at the City of *Harran*, and soon found means to offer his Service to the King; who being charm'd by his Beauty and lovely Presence, and perhaps inspir'd by natural Sympathy, gave him a favourable Reception, and ask'd his Name and Quality. Sir, answer'd *Codadad*, I am Son to an Emir of *Grand Cairo*: An Inclination to travel, has made me quit my Country, and understanding in my Passage through your Dominions, that you were engag'd in War with some of your Neighbours, I am come to your Court, to offer your Majesty my Service. The King shew'd him extraordinary Kindness, and employ'd him in his Troops.

That young Prince soon signaliz'd his Bravery. He gain'd the Esteem of the Officers, and was admir'd by the Soldiers. And having no less Wit than Courage, he so far advanc'd himself in the King's Affection, as to become his Favourite. All the Ministers and other Courtiers daily resorted to *Codadad*, and were so eager to purchase his Friendship, that they neglected the King's other Sons. Those Princes could not but resent it, and imputing it to the Stranger, they all conceiv'd an implacable Hatred against him; but the King's Affection daily increasing, he was never weary of giving him fresh Testi-

monics

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monies of it. He always desir'd he should be near him, he admir'd his Discourse, ever full of Wit and Discretion ; and to show how much he was satisfy'd with his Wisdom, he gave him the Tuition of the other Princes, tho' he was of the same Age as they. Thus *Codadad* was made Governor of his Brothers.

This only serv'd to heighten their Hatred. Is it come to this, said they, that the King, not satisfy'd with loving a Stranger more than us, will have him to be our Tutor, and not allow us to do any thing without his leave ? This is not to be endur'd. We must rid our selves of this Stranger. Let us all go together, said one of them, and dispatch him. No, no, answer'd another, we had better be cautious how we sacrifice our selves. His Death would render us odious to the King, who in return would declare us all unfit to reign. Let us destroy the Stranger artfully. We will ask leave to go a-hunting, and when far from the Palace, we will proceed to some other City, and stay there some time. The King will wonder at our Absence, and perceiving we do not return, he may perhaps put the Stranger to Death, or at least will turn him out of the Court, for suffering us to leave the Palace.

All the Princes applauded this Artifice, went together to *Codadad*, and desir'd him to give them leave to go take the Diversion of Hunting, promising to re-
turn

ENTERTAINMENTS. III

turn the same Day. *Pirouze's* Son was taken in the Snare, and granted the leave his Brothers desir'd. They went, but return'd not. They had been three Days absent, when the King ask'd *Codadad*, where the Princes were, for it was long since he had seen them. Sir, answer'd *Codadad*, they have been gone a-hunting these three Days; but they promis'd me they would return sooner. The King grew uneasy, and much more when he perceiv'd that the Princes did not return the next Day. This provok'd his Passion; Indiscreet Stranger, said he to *Codadad*, why did you let my Sons go, without bearing them Company? Is it thus you discharge the Trust I have repos'd in you? Go seek them immediately, or you are a dead Man.

These Words pierc'd *Pirouze's* unfortunate Son to the Heart. He arm'd himself, went out of the City, and like a Shepherd, who had lost his Flock, search'd all the Country for his Brothers, enquiring at every Village whether they had been seen; and hearing no News of them, was griev'd to the Heart. Alas! my Brothers, said he, what is become of you? Are you perhaps fallen into the Hands of our Enemies? Am I come to the Court of *Harran*, to be the Occasion of giving the King so much Trouble? He was altogether comfortless for having given the Princes leave to go a-hunting, or for not having born them Company.

Af-

After some Days spent in a fruitless Search, he arriv'd in a Plain of a prodigious Extent, in the midst whereof was a Palace of all black Marble. He drew near, and at one of the Windows spy'd a most beautiful Lady ; but set off with no other Ornament than her own Beauty ; for her Hair was dishevel'd, her Garments ragged, and on her Countenance appear'd all Tokens of the greatest Affliction. As soon as she saw *Codadad*, and judged he might hear her, she directed her Discourse to him saying, Alas ! young Man, get away from this fatal Palace, or else you will soon fall into the Hands of the Monster that inhabits it. A Black, who feeds only on human Blood, resides in this Place. He seizes all Persons whom their ill Fate conducts to this Plain, and shuts them up in his dark Dungeons, whence they are never released, but to be devour'd by him.

Madam, answered *Codadad*, tell me who you are, and be not concerned for any more. I am a Maid of Quality, of *Grand Cairo*, replied the Lady, I was passing by this Castle yesterday, in my Way to *Bagdat*, and met with the Black who killed all my Servants, and brought me hither : I wish I had nothing but Death to fear, but to add to my Calamity, this Monster would persuade me to love him, and in case I do not yield to-morrow to his Brutality, I must expect the utmost Violence. I tell you once more, added she,

make

make your Escape. The Black will soon return. He is gone out to pursue some Travellers he spied at a Distance on the Plain. Lose no Time; nay, I know not whether a speedy Flight will deliver you from him.

She had scarce done speaking these Words before the Black appeared. He was a Man of a monstrous Bulk, and of a dreadful Aspect, mounted on a mighty *Tartar* Horse, and wore such a large and heavy Scimiter, that none but he could make use of it. The Prince seeing him, was amazed at his monstrous Mien, directed his Prayers to Heaven to assist him, then drew his Scimiter, and stood still to expect the Black; who despising so inconsiderable an Enemy, called to him to yield himself, with engaging Words: But *Codadad*, by his Behaviour, gave him to understand that he was resolved to defend his Life; for he drew near, and gave him a great Cut on the Knee. The Black feeling himself wounded, gave such a dreadful Shriek as made all the Plain resound. He grew enraged, foamed at the Mouth, and raising himself on his Stirrups, made at *Codadad* with his dreadful Scimiter. The Stroke was so violent, that no more would have been required to put an end to the Prince, had not he, by a sudden Spring he made his Horse take, avoided it. The Scimiter made a mighty Hissing in the Air: But before the Black could have leisure to second his Blow, *Codadad* let fall one
on

on his Right-Arm, with such Fury, that he cut it off. The dreadful Scimiter fell, with the Hand that held it, and the Black yielding under the Violence of the Stroke, lost his Stirrups, and made the Earth quake with his mighty Fall. The Prince alighted at the same time, and chopp'd off his Enemy's Head. Just then the Lady, who had been a Spectator of that Combat, and was still offering up her Vows to Heaven for that young Hero, whom she admir'd, gave a Shriek for Joy, and said to *Codadad*, Prince, (for the mighty Victory you have obtain'd, convinces me that you are of no ordinary Extraction) finish the Work you have begun, the Black has the Keys of this Castle, take them and deliver me out of Prison. The Prince search'd the Wretch's Pockets, as he lay stretch'd out on the Ground, and found several Keys.

He open'd the first Door and went into a Court, where he met the Lady coming to meet him ; she would have cast herself at his Feet, in Token of her Gratitude, but he would not permit it. She commended his Valour, and extoll'd him above all the Heroes in the World. He return'd her Compliments ; and she appearing still more lovely to him near at hand than at a Distance, I know not whether she was more joyful to be deliver'd from the desperate Danger she had been in, than he for having done so considerable a Service to so beautiful a Person.

Their

Their Discourse was interrupted by dismal Cries and Groans. What is this I hear? said *Codadad*: Whence come these miserable Cries, which pierce our Ears? Sir, said the Lady to him, pointing to a little Door there was in the Court, they come from thence. There are I know not how many wretched Persons whom Fate has made to fall into the Hands of the Black. They are all chain'd, and that Monster drew out one every Day to be devour'd.

It is an Addition to my Joy, answer'd the young Prince, to understand that my Victory will save the Lives of those unfortunate Persons. Come along with me, Madam, to partake in the Satisfaction of giving them their Liberty. You may guess by yourself, how welcome we shall be to them. Having so said, they advanc'd towards the Door of the Dungeon, and the nearer they drew, the more distinctly they heard the Complaints of the Prisoners. *Codadad* pitying them, and impatient to put an end to their Sufferings, put one of the Keys into the Key-hole, which prov'd not to be the right at first, and therefore he took another; at which Noise all those unfortunate Creatures, concluding it was the Black, who came, according to Custom, to bring them some Meat, and at the same time to seize one of them to eat himself, redoubled their Cries and Groans. Lamentable Voices were heard,
which

which founded as if they had come from the Center of the Earth.

In the mean time the Prince had opened the Door, and went down a very steep Stair-Cafe into a large and deep Vault, which received some small Light from a little Window, and in which there were above an hundred Persons, bound to Stakes, and their Hands ty'd. Unfortunate Travellers, said he to them, wretched Victims, who only expected the Moment of an approaching cruel Death, give Thanks to Heaven, which has this Day deliver'd you by my means. I have slain the Black by whom you were to be devoured, and am come to knock off your Irons. The Prisoners hearing these Words, all together gave a Shout, occasion'd by Joy and Surprise. *Codadad* and the Lady began to unbind them; and as soon as any of them were loose, they helped to take off the Fetters from the rest; so that in a short time they were all at Liberty.

They then kneel'd down, and having return'd Thanks to *Codadad* for what he had done for them, went out of that Dungeon, and when they were come into the Court, how surprizing was it for the Prince to see among the Prisoners, those he was in search of, and almost out of hopes to find. Princes, cry'd he, am I not deceiv'd? Is it you whom I behold? May I flatter myself, that it will be in my Power to restore you to the King your Father, who is inconsolable for the Loss of you? But will
he

he not have some one to lament? Are you all here alive? Alas! the Death of one of you will suffice to damp all the Joy I conceive for having delivered you!

The Forty Nine Princes all made themselves known to *Codadad*, who embraced them one after another, and told them how uneasy their Father was, on account of their Absence. They gave their Deliverer all the Commendations he deserved, as did the other Prisoners, who could not find Words expressive enough to declare the Gratitude they were sensible of. Next *Codadad*, with them, took a View of the whole Castle, where there was immense Wealth; curious Silks, Gold Brocades, *Persian* Carpets, *China* Sattins, and an infinite Quantity of other Goods, which the Black had taken from the Caravans he had plundered, a considerable Part whereof belonged to the Prisoners *Codadad* had then set free. Every Man knew and reclaimed what belonged to him. The Prince restored them their own, and divided the rest of the Merchandize among them. Then he said to them, How will you do to carry away your Goods? We are here in a Desert Place, and there is no likelihood of your getting Horses. Sir, answered one of the Prisoners, the Black robbed us of our Camels, as well as our Goods, and perhaps they may be in the Stables of this Castle. That is not unlikely, replied *Codadad*, let us see after it. Accordingly they went to the Stables, where they not only

only found the Camels, but also the Horses belonging to the King of *Harran's* Sons. There were some black Slaves in the Stables, who seeing all the Prisoners released, and guessing thereby that their Master had been killed, fled through By-ways, well known to them. No body minded to pursue them. All the Merchants overjoyed that they had recovered their Goods and Camels, together with their Liberty, thought of nothing but prosecuting their Journey; but first repeated their Thanks to their Deliverer.

When they were gone, *Codadad*, directing his Discourse to the Lady, said, What Place, Madam, do you desire to go to? Whither did you design when you were seized by the Black? I intend to bear you company to the Place you shall appoint, and I do not question but that all these Princes will do the same. The King of *Harran's* Sons protested to the Lady, that they would not leave her till she was restored to her Friends.

Prince, said she, I am of a Country too remote from hence; and besides that, it would be an Imposition on your Generosity to oblige you to travel so far. I must own to you, that I am come from my native Country for ever. I told you a while ago, that I was a Lady of *Grand Cairo*, but since you have shown me so much Favour, and I am so highly obliged to you, added she, looking upon *Codadad*, I should be much in the wrong in concealing the Truth from you,

you, I am a Kings Daughter. An Usurper has possessed himself of my Father's Throne, after having murdered him, and I have been forced to fly to save my Life. Then *Codadad* and his Brothers desired the Princess to tell them her Story, assuring her that they were highly concern'd at her Misfortunes, and fully dispos'd to spare for nothing that might contribute towards rendering of her more happy. After Thanks return'd for their fresh Protestations of Readiness to serve her, she could not refuse satisfying their Curiosity, and began the Recital of her Adventures in the following manner.

*The History of the Princess of
Deryabar.*

There is in a certain Island a great City call'd *Deryabar*. It has been long governed by a potent, magnificent, and virtuous King. That Prince had no Children, which was the only thing wanting to make him happy. He continually address'd his Prayers to Heaven, but Heaven granted his Request by halves, for the Queen, his Wife, after a long Expectation, brought forth a Daughter.

I am the unfortunate Princess; my Father was rather troubled than pleas'd at my Birth; but he submitted to the Will of God, and caus'd me to be educated with
all

all possible Care, being resolved, since he had no Son, to teach me the Art of Ruling, that I might supply his Place after his Days.

One Day, when he was taking the Diversion of Hunting, he spied a wild Afs, which he chased, lost his Company, and was carried away so far in that Heat, as to ride on till Night, without reflecting that he was quite out of the Way. He then alighted, and sat down at the Edge of a Wood into which he observed the Afs had taken. No sooner was the Day shut in, than he discovered a Light among the Trees, which made him conclude that he was not far from some Village; he rejoiced at it, hoping that he might pass the Night there, and find some Person to send to his Followers to acquaint them where he was; and accordingly he got up and walked towards the Light, which served to guide him.

He soon found he had been deceived, that Light being no other than a Fire lighted in a Hut; however, he drew near, and with amazement beheld a great Black, or rather a dreadful Giant, sitting on a Sofa. Before the Monster, was a great Pitcher of Wine, and he was roasting a Bullock he had newly killed. Sometimes he drank out of the Pitcher, and then again cut Slices off the Bullock and eat them. But that which most drew the King my Father's Attention was a beautiful Woman he saw in the Hut. She seemed to be overwhelmed with Grief; her Hands were bound, and at her Feet

Feet was a small Child, about two or three Years old, who, as if he were sensible of his Mother's Misfortunes, continually wept and rent the Air with his Cries.

My Father being mov'd by that Object of Pity, thought at first to have gone into the Hut, and attack the Giant; but considering it would be an unequal Combat, he stopp'd, and resolv'd, since he had not Strength enough to prevail by open Force, to use Art. In the mean time, the Giant having empty'd the Pitcher, and devour'd above half the Bullock, turn'd to the Woman, and said, Beautiful Princess, why do you oblige me by your Obstinacy to treat you with Severity? It is in your own Power to be happy. You need only to resolve to love, and to be true to me, and I shall express my Affection to you. Thou hideous Satyr, answered the Lady, never expect that Time should wear away the Aversion I have for you. Thou wilt ever be a Monster in my Eyes. To these Words she added so many Reproaches, that the Giant grew enrag'd. This is too much, cry'd he, in a furious Tone, my Love undervalu'd is turn'd into Rage. Your Hatred has at last caus'd mine; I find it prevails above my Desires, and that I now wish your Death rather than Enjoyment. Having spoken these Words, he took that wretched Lady by the Hair, held her up with one Hand in the Air, and drawing his Scimiter with the other, was just going to

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strike off her Head, when the King, my Father, let fly an Arrow, which pierc'd the Giant's Breast, so that he stagger'd, and dropp'd down dead.

My Father enter'd the Hut, unbound the Lady's Hands, ask'd her who she was, and how she came thither. Sir, said she, there are some Families of *Saracens* along the Sea-Coast, who live under a Prince, who is my Husband; this Giant you have kill'd was one of his principal Officers. The Wretch fell desperately in love with me, but took special Care to conceal it, till he could put in Execution the Design he had laid of stealing me away. Fortune oftner favours wicked Designs than the Virtuous. The Giant one Day surpriz'd me and my Child in a By-place. He seiz'd us both, and to disappoint the Search he well knew my Husband would cause to be made on account of this Rape, he remov'd far from the Country inhabited by those *Saracens*, and brought us into this Wood, where he has kept me some Days. As deplorable as my Condition is, it is still a great Satisfaction to me, to think that the Giant, though so brutal and amorous, never us'd Force to obtain that which I always refused to his Intreaties; not but that he has threatn'd me an hundred times that he would have recourse to the worst of Extremities, in case he could not otherwise prevail upon me; and I must confess to you, that a while ago, when I provok'd his Anger by my Words, I was less concern'd

cern'd for my Life than for my Honour.

This, Sir, said the Prince of the *Saracens* Wife, is the faithful Account of my Misfortunes ; and I do not question, but that you will think me worthy enough of your Compassion, not to repent your having so generously reliev'd me. Madam, answer'd my Father, be assured your Troubles have moved me, and I will do all that shall be in my Power to make you happy again. To-morrow, as soon as the Day appears, we will go out of this Wood, and endeavour to fall into the Road which leads to the great City of *Deryabar*, of which I am Sovereign ; and if you think fit, you shall be entertain'd in my Palace, till the Prince your Husband shall come to reclaim you.

The *Saracen* Lady accepted the Offer, and the next Day followed the King, my Father, who found all his Retinue upon the Skirts of the Wood, they having spent the Night in searching after, and being very uneasy for that they could not find him. They were no less joyful to meet with, than amaz'd to see him with a Lady, whose Beauty surpriz'd them. He told them how he had found her, and the Danger he had run in drawing near to the Hut, where he must have certainly lost his Life, had the Giant spy'd him. One of his Servants took up the Lady behind him, and another carried the Child.

Thus they arrived at the King, my Father's Palace, who assigned the beautiful

Saracen Lady an Apartment, and caused her Child to be carefully educated. The Lady was sensible of the King's Goodness to her, and expressed as much Gratitude as he could desire. She had first appeared very uneasy and impatient, on account that her Husband did not reclaim her; but by Degrees she shook off that Unquietness: The Respect my Father pay'd her, dispelled her Impatience, and I am of opinion she would at last have blamed Fortune more for restoring her to her Kindred, than she did for removing her from them.

In the mean time the Lady's Son grew up; he was very handsome, and not wanting Wit, found the Way to please the King my Father, who took a great Kindness to him. All the Courtiers perceived it, and guessed that young Man might in the end be my Husband. Upon this Conceit, and looking on him already as Heir to the Crown, they made their Court to him, and every Man endeavoured to gain his Favour. He soon saw into their Designs, grew conceited of himself, and forgetting the Distance there was between our Conditions, flattered himself with the Hopes that my Father was fond enough of him to prefer him before all the Princes in the World. Nay, he went farther; for the King not answering his Expectation, in offering me to him as soon as he could have wish'd, he had the Boldness to ask me of him. Whatsoever Punishment his Insolence deserv'd, my Father was satisfy'd with

with telling him, he had other Thoughts in relation to me, and shewed him no farther Dislike. The Youth was incensed at this Refusal; the vain Fellow resented the Contempt, as if he had asked some Maid of indifferent Extraction, or as if his Birth had been equal to mine. Nor was he so satisfy'd, but resolv'd to be revenged on the King, and with unparallel'd Ingratitude conspir'd against him. In short, he murder'd him, and caus'd himself to be proclaimed King of *Deryabar*, by a great Number of Malecontents, whom he supported. The first Thing he did, after ridding himself of my Father, was to come into my Apartment, with a great Train of the Conspirators. His Design was either to take my Life, or oblige me to marry him. Whilst he was busy murdering my Father, the Grand Vizier, who had been always loyal to his Master, came to carry me away from the Place, and secured me in a Friend's House, till a Vessel he had provided was ready to sail. I then left the Island, attended only by a Governess, and that generous Minister, who chose rather to follow his Master's Daughter, and to partake of her Misfortunes, than to submit to a Tyrant.

The Grand Vizier design'd to carry me to the Courts of the neighbouring Kings, to implore their Assistance, and excite them to revenge my Father's Death; but Heaven did not give a Blessing to that Resolution we thought so just. When we had

been but a few Days at Sea, there arose such a furious Storm, that in Spight of all the Mariners Art, our Vessel carry'd away by the Violence of the Winds and Waves, was dashed in pieces against a Rock. I will not spend Time in describing our Shipwreck. I can but faintly represent to you how my Governess, the Grand Vizier, and all that attended me were swallowed up by the Sea. The Dread I was seized with, did not permit me to observe all the Horror of our Condition. In fine, I lost my Senses, and whether I was thrown upon the Coast, upon any Part of the Wreck of our Ship, or whether Heaven, which reserved me for other Misfortunes, wrought a Miracle in my Deliverance, I found myself on Shore, when my Senses returned to me.

Misfortunes very often make us forget our Duty. Instead of returning Thanks to God for so singular a Mercy shewn me, I only lifted up my Eyes to Heaven, to complain because I had been sav'd. I was so far from bewailing the Vizier and my Governess, that I envy'd their Fate, and my dreadful Imaginations by Degrees prevailing above my Reason, I resolved to cast myself into the Sea. I was upon the point of doing so, when I heard behind me a great Noise of Men and Horses. I looked about to see what it might be, and spy'd several armed Horsemen, among whom was one mounted on an *Arabian* Horse. He had on a Garment embroidered with Silver,

Silver, a Girdle set with precious Stones, and a Crown of Gold on his Head. Tho' his Habit had not convinc'd me that he was Chief of the Company, I should have judg'd it by the Air of Grandeur, which appeared in his Person. He was a young Man extraordinary finely shaped, and perfectly beautiful. Being surpriz'd to see a young Lady alone in that Place, he sent some of his Officers to ask who I was? All my Answer was weeping. The Shore being covered with the Wreck of our Ship, they concluded some Vessel had been cast away there, and that I was certainly some Person that had sav'd my Life. This Conjecture, and my inconsolable Condition, excited the Curiosity of those Officers, who began to ask me a thousand Questions, with Assurances, that their King was a generous Prince, and that I should receive all Comfort in his Court.

The King, impatient to know who I was, grew weary of expecting the Return of his Officers, and drew near to me. He gazed on me very earnestly, and observing that I did not give over weeping and afflicting myself, without being able to return an Answer to their Questions, he forbid them troubling me any more, and directing his Discourse to me, Madam, said he, I conjure you to moderate your excessive Affliction. Though Heaven in its Wrath has laid this Calamity upon you, yet does it not behove you to despair. I beseech you show more Courage. Fortune, which has hi-

therto persecuted you, is inconstant, and may soon change. I dare assure you, that if your Misfortunes are capable of receiving any Comfort, you shall find it in my Dominions. My Palace is at your Service. You shall live with the Queen my Mother, who will endeavour by her Kindness to ease your Affliction. I know not, as yet, who you are ; but I find I am already concern'd for you.

I thank'd the young King for his great Goodness towards me, accepted of the obliging Offers he made me ; and to convince him, that I was not unworthy of them, told him my Condition. I describ'd to him the Insolence of the young *Saracen*, and found it needless to do any more than barely to recount my Misfortunes to excite Compassion in him and all his Officers, who heard me. When I had done speaking, the Prince began again, assuring me, that he was highly concern'd at my Misfortune. Then he conducted me to his Palace, and presented me to the Queen, his Mother, to whom I was oblig'd again to repeat my Misfortunes, and to renew my Tears. The Queen seem'd very sensible of my Troubles, and took an extraordinary liking to me. On the other hand, the King her Son fell desperately in love with me, and soon offer'd me his Person and his Crown. I was still so entirely taken up with the Thoughts of my Calamities, that the Prince, tho' so lovely a Person, did not make so great an Impression on me,

me, as he might have done at another time. However, Gratitude prevailing on me, I did not refuse to make him happy, and our Wedding was kept with all imaginable Grandeur.

At the time when all the People were taken up with the Celebration of their Sovereign's Nuptials, a neighbouring Prince, who was his Enemy, made a Descent by Night on the Island with a great Number of Troops. That formidable Enemy was the King of *Zanguebar*: He surpriz'd those People, and cut in Pieces all the King my Husband's Subjects. We two escap'd very narrowly, for he had already entered the Palace with some of his Followers; but we found means to slip away, and get to the Sea-Coast, where we took into a Fisher-Boat we had the good Fortune to meet with. Two Days we were drove about by the Winds, without knowing what would become of us. The third Day we spy'd a Vessel making towards us with all her Sails abroad. We rejoic'd at first, believing it had been a Merchant-Ship which might take us aboard; but were more astonish'd than I can express, when, as it drew near, we saw ten or twelve armed Pirates appear on the Deck. Being come up to us, five or six of them leap'd into our Boat, seiz'd us, bound the Prince, and convey'd us into their Ship, where they immediately took off my Veil. My Youth and Features touch'd them, and they all declar'd they were charm'd

at the Sight of me. Instead of casting Lots, every one of them claim'd the Preference, and me as his Right. The Controversy grew hot, and they came to Blows about me, and fought like so many mad Men. The Deck was soon cover'd with dead Bodies, and in short, they were all killed but one, who being left sole Possessor of me, said, You are mine. I will carry you to *Grand Cairo*, to deliver you to a Friend of mine, to whom I have promis'd a beautiful Slave. But who, added he, looking upon the King, my Husband, is that Man? What relation has he to you? Are you ally'd by Blood or Love? Sir, answer'd I, he is my Husband. If so, replied the Pirate, in pity I must rid myself of him: It would be too great an Affliction to him to see you in my Friend's Arms. Having spoke these Words, he took up the unhappy Prince, who was bound, and threw him into the Sea, notwithstanding all my Endeavours to hinder him.

I shriek'd in a dreadful manner at the Sight of that cruel Action, and had certainly cast myself headlong into the Sea, but that the Pirate held me. He plainly saw that was my Design, and therefore bound me fast to the Main-Mast, and then hoisting Sail, made towards the Land, and there got ashore. He unbound and led me to a little Town, where he bought Camels, Tents, and Slaves, and then set out for *Grand Cairo*, designing, as he still said, to present me to his Friend, according to his Promise.

We

We had been several Days upon the Road, when, as we were crossing this Plain yesterday, we spy'd the Black, who inhabited this Castle. At a Distance, we took him for a Tower, and when near us, could scarce believe him to be a Man. He drew his vast Scimiter, and summon'd the Pirate to yield himself up a Prisoner, with all his Slaves, and the Lady he was conducting. The Pirate was daring; and being seconded by all his Slaves, who promis'd to stand by him, he attack'd the Black. The Fight lasted a considerable time; but at length the Pirate fell under his Enemy's deadly Blows, as did all his Slaves, who chose rather to die than to forsake him. The Black then conducted me to the Castle, whither he also brought the Pirate's Body, which he eat that Night for his Supper. After that inhuman Meal, perceiving that I ceas'd not weeping, he said to me, Young Lady, prepare to satisfy my Desires, rather than continue thus to afflict yourself. Make a Virtue of Necessity, and comply: I give you till to-morrow to consider. Let me then find you comforted for all your Misfortunes, and over-joy'd for having been reserv'd for my Bed. Having spoke these Words, he conducted me to a Chamber, and went to Bed in his own, after locking up all the Castle-Doors. He open'd them this Morning, and presently lock'd them again, to pursue some Travellers he perceiv'd at a Distance; but it is likely they
made

made their Escape, since he was coming alone, and without any Booty when you attack'd him.

As soon as the Princess had put an end to the Recital of her Adventures, *Codadad* declar'd to her, that he was highly concern'd at her Misfortunes. But, Madam, added he, it shall be your own Fault, if you do not live at ease for the future. The King of *Harran's* Sons offer you a safe Retreat in the Court of the King their Father; be pleas'd to accept of it. You will be there cherish'd by that Prince, and respected by all Persons; and if you do not disdain the Person of your Deliverer, permit me to make you a Present of it, and to marry you before all these Princes, let them be Witnesses to our Contract. The Princess consented to it, and the Marriage was concluded that very Day in the Castle, where they found all Sorts of Provisions. The Kitchens were full of Flesh and other Eatables the Black us'd to feed on, when he was weary of feeding on human Bodies. There was also Variety of Fruit, very excellent in their Kinds; and to compleat their Satisfaction, Abundance of delicious Wine and other Liquors.

They all sat down to Table; and after having eaten and drank plentifully, they took along with them the rest of the Provisions, and set out for the King of *Harran's* Court; they travell'd several Days, encamping in the pleasantest Places they could find, and they were within one Day's Journey of
Har-

Harran, when having halted and drank all their Wine, as being under no longer Concern to make it hold out; *Codadad* directing his Discourse to all his Company; Princes, said he, I have too long conceal'd from you, who I am. Behold your Brother *Codadad*! I have receiv'd my Being as well as you, of the King of *Harran*. The Prince of *Samaria* has bred me, and the Princess *Pirouze* is my Mother. Madam, added he, applying himself to the Princess of *Deryabar*, do you also forgive me for having conceal'd my Birth from you. Perhaps, by discovering it sooner, I might have prevented some disagreeable Reflections, which may have been occasion'd by a Match you may have thought unequal. No, Sir, answered the Princess, the Opinion I at first conceiv'd of you heightened every Moment, and you did not stand in need of the Extraction you now discover, to make me happy.

The Princes congratulated *Codadad* on his Birth, and express'd much Satisfaction at the Knowledge of it: But in Reality, instead of rejoicing, their Hatred for so amiable a Brother was redoubled. They met together at Night in a By-place, whilst *Codadad* and the Princess his Wife lay fast asleep in their Tent. Those ungrateful envious Brothers, forgetting that had it not been for the brave Son of *Pirouze*, they must have been devour'd by the Black, agreed among themselves to murder him. We have no other Course
to

to chuse, said one of those wicked Brethren, for the Moment our Father shall come to understand that this Stranger, he is already so fond of, is our Brother, and that he alone has been able to destroy a Giant, whom we could not all of us together conquer; he will bestow all his Favour, and a thousand Praises on him, and declare him his Heir, in Spight of all his Brothers, who will be oblig'd to obey and fall down before him. Besides these, he added many other Words, which made such an Impression on their jealous Minds, that they immediately repair'd to *Codadad*, then fast asleep, stabb'd him in a thousand Places, and leaving him for dead in the Arms of the Princess of *Deryabar*, proceeded on their Journey for the City of *Harran*, where they arrived the next Day.

The King their Father conceiv'd the greater Joy at their Return, because he had despair'd of ever seeing them again. He ask'd, what had been the Occasion of their Stay: But they took care not to acquaint him with it, making no mention either of the Black, or of *Codadad*, and only said, that being curious to see the Country, they had spent some time in the neighbouring Cities.

In the mean time, *Codadad* lay in his Tent drowned in his own Blood, and little differing from a dead Man, with the Princess his Wife, who seem'd to be in no much better Condition than he. She rent the Air with dismal Shrieks, tore her
Hair,

Hair, and bathing her Husband's Body with her Tears: Alas! *Codadad*, my dear *Codadad*, cry'd she, Is it you whom I behold just departing this Life? What cruel Hands have put you into this Condition? May I believe these are your Brothers who have treated you so unmercifully? No, they are rather Devils, who have taken those Shapes to murder you. O barbarous Wretches! whosoever you are, how could you make so ungrateful a Return for the Service he has done you? But why should I complain of your Brothers, unfortunate *Codadad*! I alone am to blame for your Death. You would tack your Fate upon mine, and all the ill Fortune which attends me, since I left my Father's Palace, has fallen upon you. O Heaven! which has condemn'd me to lead a wandering Life and full of Calamities, if you will not permit me to have a Consort, why do you permit me to find any? Behold you have now robb'd me of two, just as I began to be endear'd to them.

By these and other moving Expressions the unhappy Princess of *Deryabar* vented her Sorrow, fixing her Eyes on the deplorable *Codadad*, who could not hear her; but he was not dead, and his Consort observing that he still breathed, ran to a large open Town she spy'd in the Plain, to enquire for a Surgeon. She was shewed one, who went immediately with her; but when they came to the Tent, they could not find *Codadad*, which made them con-

conclude he had been dragged away by some wild Beast to devour him. The Princess renewed her Complaints and Lamentations, in a most dismal manner. The Surgeon took Compassion, and being unwilling to leave her in that lamentable Condition, propos'd to her to return to the Town, offering her his House and Service.

She suffer'd herself to be prevailed on. The Surgeon conducted her to his House, and without knowing, as yet, who she was, treated her with all imaginable Courtesy and Respect. He us'd all his Rhetorick to comfort her, but it was in vain to think of removing her Sorrow, which was rather heighten'd than diminished. Madam, said he to her one Day, be pleas'd to recount to me your Misfortunes; tell your Country and your Condition. Perhaps I may give you some Advice, when I am acquainted with all the Circumstances of your Calamity. You do nothing but afflict yourself, without considering that Remedies may be found for the most desperate Diseases.

The Surgeon's Words were so efficacious, that they wrought on the Princess, who recounted to him all her Adventures, and when she had done, the Surgeon directed his Discourse to her; Madam, said he, since this is the Posture of Affairs, give me leave to tell you, that you ought not thus to give way to your Sorrow; you ought rather to arm yourself with Resolution,
and

and to perform what the Name and the Duty of a Wife require of you. You are oblig'd to revenge your Husband. If you please I will wait on you as your Squire. Let us go to the King of *Harran's* Court, he is a good and a just Prince. You need only represent to him in a lively Manner, how Prince *Codadad* has been treated by his Brothers. I am fully persuaded he will do you Justice. I submit to your Reasons, answer'd the Princess, it is my Duty to endeavour to revenge *Codadad*; and since you are so obliging and generous as to offer to bear me Company, I am ready to set out. No sooner had she fix'd this Resolution, than the Surgeon order'd two Camels to be made ready, on which the Princess and he mounted, and repair'd to *Harran*.

They alighted at the first *Caravansera* they found, and enquiring of the Host, what News at Court: It is, said he, in very great Confusion. The King had a Son, who liv'd a long time with him as a Stranger, and none can tell what is become of that young Prince. One of the King's Wives, call'd *Pirouze*, is his Mother, she has made all possible Enquiry, but to no purpose. All Men are concern'd at the Loss of that Prince, because he was very deserving. The King has 49 other Sons, all of them born of several Mothers, but not one of them has Worth enough to comfort the King for the Death of *Codadad*; I say his Death, because it is impossible he should be still alive, since no News
has

has been heard of him, notwithstanding so much Search has been made after him.

The Surgeon having heard this Account from the Host, concluded that the best Course the Princess of *Deryabar* could take, was to wait upon *Pirouze*, but that Method was not without some Danger, and requir'd much Precaution; for it was to be fear'd that if the King of *Harran's* Sons, should happen to hear of the Arrival of their Sister-in-Law, and her Design, they might cause her to be conveyed away before she could speak to *Codadad's* Mother. The Surgeon weigh'd all these Particulars, and consider'd what Risque he might run himself; and therefore, that he might manage the Affair with Discretion, he desir'd the Princess to stay in the *Caravanfera*, whilst he went to the Palace, to observe which might be the safest Way to conduct her to *Pirouze*.

He went accordingly into the City, and was walking towards the Palace, like one led only by Curiosity to see the Court, when he spy'd a Lady mounted on a Mule richly accouter'd. She was follow'd by several Ladies mounted on Mules, with a great Number of Guards and black Slaves. All the People made a Lane to see her pass along, and saluted her, prostrating themselves on the Ground. The Surgeon paid her the same Respect, and then ask'd a *Calender*, who happened to stand by him, Whether that Lady was one of the King's Wives? Yes, Brother, answer'd the *Calender*,

lender, she is one of the King's Wives, and the most honoured and beloved by the People, because she is Mother to Prince *Codadad*, of whom I suppose you have heard.

The Surgeon asked no more Questions, but followed *Pirouze* to a Mosque, into which she went to distribute Alms, and assist at the publick Prayers the King had ordered to be made for the safe Return of *Codadad*. The People, who were highly concerned for that young Prince, ran in Crowds to join their Vows to the Prayers of the Priests, so that the Mosque was quite full. The Surgeon broke through the Throng, and advanc'd as far as *Pirouze's* Guards. He stay'd out the Prayers, and when that Princess went out, he stepped up to one of her Slaves, and whispered him in the Ear, saying, Brother, I have a Secret of Moment to impart to the Princess *Pirouze*; may not I, by your means, be brought into her Apartment? If that Secret, answer'd the Slave, be relating to Prince *Codadad*, I dare promise you shall have Audience of her this very Day; but if it concerns not him, it is needless for you to endeavour to be introduced to her; for her Thoughts are all upon her Son, and she will not hear talk of any other Subject. It is only about that dear Son, reply'd the Surgeon, that I would discourse her. If so, said the Slave, you need only follow us to the Palace, and you shall soon speak to her.

Accord-

Accordingly, as soon as *Pirouze* was returned to her Apartment, that Slave acquainted her, that a Person unknown had some important Affair to communicate to her, and that it related to Prince *Codadad*. No sooner had he utter'd these Words, than *Pirouze* expressed her Impatience to see that Stranger. The Slave immediately conducted him into the Princess's Closet, who ordered all her Women to withdraw, except two, from whom she concealed nothing. As soon as she saw the Surgeon, she ask'd him abruptly, what News he had to tell her of *Codadad*? Madam, answer'd the Surgeon, after having prostrated himself on the Ground, I have a long Account to give you, and such as will be very surprizing. Then he told her all the Particulars of what had passed between *Codadad* and his Brothers, which she listened to with an eager Attention; but when he came to speak of the Murder, that tender Mother swooned away on her *Sofa*, as if she had been herself stabbed like her Son. Her two Women us'd the proper Means, and soon brought her to herself. The Surgeon continued his Relation, and when he had ended it, *Pirouze* said to him, go back to the Princess *Deryabar*, and assure her from me, that the King shall soon own her for his Daughter-in-Law; and as for yourself, be assured, that your Service shall be well rewarded.

When the Surgeon was gone, *Pirouze* remained on the *Sofa* in such a State of Affliction,

siftion, as is easy to imagine ; and relenting at the Thoughts of *Codadad*, O ! my Son, said she, I must never then expect to see you more ! Alas ! when I gave you leave to depart from *Samaria*, and you took leave of me, I did not imagine that so unfortunate a Death expected you at such a Distance from me. Unfortunate *Codadad* ! why did you leave me ? It is true you would not have acquir'd so much Renown, but you had been still alive, and had not cost your Mother so many Tears. Whilst she uttered these Words she wept bitterly, and her two Confidants, moved by her Sorrow, mixed their Tears with hers.

Whilst they were all three vying in Affliction, the King came into the Closet, and seeing them in that Condition, ask'd *Pirouze* whether she had receiv'd any bad News concerning *Codadad*. Alas ! Sir, said she, all is over, my Son has lost his Life, and to add to my Sorrow, I cannot pay him the Funeral Rites ; for, in all appearance, the wild Beasts have devour'd him. Then she told him all she had heard from the Surgeon, and did not fail to express herself fully at the inhuman Manner, how *Codadad* had been murdered by his Brothers.

The King did not give *Pirouze* time to finish her Relation, but being transported with Anger, and giving way to his Passion, Madam, said he to the Princess, those perfidious Wretches, who cause you to shed these Tears, and are the Occasion of the
mortal

mortal Grief which oppresses their Father, shall soon feel the Punishment due to their Guilt. The King having spoke these Words, with Indignation appearing in his Countenance, went directly to the Presence-Chamber, where all his Courtiers attended, and such of the People as had any Petitions to present to him. They were all astonished to see him in that Passion, and thought his Anger had been kindled against his People.

Their Hearts fail'd them for fear. He ascended the Throne, and causing his Grand Vizier to draw near, *Hafan*, said he, I have some Orders for you; go immediately, take a Thousand of my Guards, and seize all the Princes, my Sons; shut them up in the Tower appointed for a Prison for Murderers, and let this be done in a Moment. All that were present, quak'd at the hearing of this surprizing Command, and the Grand Vizier, without answering one Word, laid his Hand on his Head, to express his Obedience, and went out of the Presence to execute his Orders, which were very surprizing to him. In the mean time, the King dismiss'd those who attended to desire Audience, and declared he would not dispatch any Business for a Month to come. He was still in the Presence-Chamber, when the Vizier returned. Are all my Sons, said that Prince, in the Tower? They are, Sir, answer'd the Vizier, I have obey'd your Orders. That is not all, reply'd the King, I have further Commands for you, and so saying, he went out of the Presence-Chamber

ber, and returned to *Pirouze's* Apartment, with the Vizier following him. He asked that Princess where *Codadad's* Widow had taken up her Lodging? *Pirouze's* Women told him, for the Surgeon had not forgot that in his Relation. Then the King, turning to his Minister, go, said he, to that *Caravanfera*. and bring a young Princess, who lodges there, but treat her with all the Respect due to her Quality.

The Vizier was not backward in performing what he was ordered. He mounted a horseback with all the Emirs, and Courtiers, and repaired to the *Caravanfera*, where the Princess of *Deryabar* was, whom he acquainted with his Orders, and presented her, from the King, a fine white Mule, whose Saddle and Bridle were adorned with Gold, Rubies, and Diamonds. She mounted it, and went to the Palace, attended by all those great Men. The Surgeon bore her Company, mounted on a sprightly *Tartar* Horse the Vizier had provided for him. All the People were at their Windows. or in the Streets, to see that noble Cavalcade; and it being given out that the Princess, whom they conducted in such State to Court, was *Codadad's* Wife, the City resounded with Acclamations, the Air rung with Shouts of Joy, which would certainly have been turned into Lamentations, had that Prince's fatal Adventure been known; so much was he beloved by all Men.

The

The Princess of *Deryabar* found the King at the Palace-Gate, waiting to receive her: He took her by the Hand, and led her to *Pirouze's* Apartment, where a very moving Scene was acted among them. *Codadad's* Wife found her Affliction redouble upon her at the Sight of her Husband's Father and Mother; as, on the other side, those Parents could not look on their Son's Wife without being much concern'd. She cast herself at the King's Feet, and having bath'd them with Tears, was so overcome with Grief, that she was not able to speak one Word. *Pirouze* was in no better Condition, she seem'd to be stunn'd with her Sorrows; and the King mov'd by those dismal Objects, gave way to his Passion. Those three Persons mixing their Tears and Sighs, for some time observ'd a Silence, which appear'd extraordinary moving and pitiful. At length the Princess of *Deryabar* being somewhat recover'd, recounted the Adventure of the Castle, and *Codadad's* Disaster. Then she required Justice for the Treachery of the Princes: Yes, Madam, said the King to her, those ungrateful Wretches shall perish; but *Codadad's* Death must first be made publick, that the Punishment of his Brothers may not cause my Subjects to rebel; and tho' we have not my Son's Body, we will not omit paying him the last Duties. This said, he directed his Discourse to the Vizier, and order'd him to build a Dome of white Marble, in a delightful Plain, in the midst of which the
City

City of *Harran* stands ; then he appointed the Princess of *Deryabar* a fine Apartment in his Palace, acknowledging her for his Daughter-in-Law.

Hasan caus'd the Work to be carry'd on with such Diligence, and employ'd so many Workmen, that the Dome was soon finish'd. Within it was erected a Monument, and on it was plac'd a Figure representing *Codadad*. As soon as all was perfected, the King order'd Prayers to be said, and appointed a Day for the Obsequies of his Son.

On that Day all the Inhabitants of the City went out upon the Plain to see that Ceremony perform'd, which was after this manner. The King, attended by his Vazier, and the prime Persons of the Court, proceeded towards the Dome, and being come to it, went in and sat down with them on Carpets laid on the Ground, made of black Satin with gold Flowers. A great Body of Horse-Guards, hanging their Heads, and looking down, drew up close about the Dome, and march'd round it twice, observing a profound Silence ; but at the third Round they halted before the Door, and all of them with a loud Voice pronounced these Words : O Prince, Son to the King, could we by dint of Sword, and human Valour, any way retrieve your Misfortune, we would bring you back to Life ; but the King of Kings has commanded, and the Angel of Death has obey'd. Having

utter'd these Words, they drew off, to make way for an hundred old Men, all of them mounted on black Mules, and wearing long grey Beards.

These were Anchorites, who lived all their Days conceal'd in Caves. They never appear'd in the Sight of the World, but when they were to assist at the Obsequies of the King of *Harran*, and of the Princes of their Family. Each of these venerable Persons carry'd a Book on his Head, which he held with one Hand. They took three Turns round the Dome without uttering one Word, then stopping before the Door, one of them said ; O Prince, what can we do for you ? If you could be restor'd to Life by Prayers, or Learning, we would rub our grey Beards at thy Feet, and recite Prayers ; but the King of the Universe has taken you away for ever.

This said, the old Men remov'd at a Distance from the Dome, and immediately fifty young beautiful Maids drew near to it, each of them was mounted on a little white Horse ; they wore no Veils, and carry'd gold Baskets full of all Sorts of precious Stones. Thus they also rode thrice round the Dome, and halting at the same Place as the others had done, the youngest of them spoke in the Name of all, as follows ; O Prince, once so beautiful, what Relief can you expect from us ? If we could restore you to Life by our Charms, we would become your Slaves. But you are no longer sensible
to

to Beauty, and have no more occasion for us.

When the young Maids were withdrawn, the King and his Courtiers arose, and having walk'd thrice round the Figure representing *Codadad*, the King spoke as follows; O my dear Son, Light of my Eyes, I have then lost you for ever. These Words were attended with Sighs, and he water'd the Tomb with Tears; his Courtiers weeping with him. Then the Gate of the Dome was shut, and all the People return'd to the City. The next Day there were publick Prayers in all the Mosques, and the same was continu'd for eight Days successively. On the ninth the King resolv'd to cause the Princes, his Sons, to be beheaded. All the People being incens'd at their Cruelty towards *Codadad*, impatiently expected to see them executed. The Scaffolds were erecting, but the Execution was respited, on account, that on a sudden, News was brought, that the neighbouring Princes, who had before made War on the King of *Harran*, were advancing with more numerous Forces than the first time, and were not then far from the City. It had been long known, that they were preparing for War, but no great Notice had been taken of it. This Advice occasioned a general Consternation, and gave new cause to lament the Loss of *Codadad*, by reason that Prince had signalized himself in the former War against those Enemies. Alas! said they, were the brave *Co-*

dadad alive, we should little value those Princes who are coming to surprize us. The King nothing dismay'd, rais'd Men with all possible Speed, form'd a considerable Army, and being too brave to expect the Enemy to come and attack him within his Walls, march'd out to meet them. They, on their Side, being inform'd by their advanc'd Parties, that the King of *Harran* was marching to engage them, halted in the Plain, and form'd their Army.

As soon as the King discover'd them, he also drew up his Forces, and ranged them in Order of Battel. The Signal was given, and he attack'd them with extraordinary Vigor. Nor was the Opposition inferior. Much Blood was shed on both Sides, and the Victory remain'd long dubious; but at length it seem'd to incline to the King of *Harran's* Enemies, who being more numerous, were about hemming of him in, when a good Body of Horse appeared on the Plain, and drew near the two Armies in good Order. The Sight of that fresh Party daunted both Sides, as not knowing what to think of them; but their Doubts were soon clear'd; for those Horsemen fell upon the Flank of the King of *Harran's* Enemies, giving such a furious Charge, that they soon broke and put them to the Rout; and not so satisfy'd, they pursued, and cut most of them in Pieces.

The King of *Harran*, who had nicely observed all the Action, admired the Bravery of those Horsemen, whose unexpected Arrival had given the Victory to his Side. But above all, he was charmed with their Chief, whom he had seen fighting with a more than ordinary Valour. He longed to know the Name of that generous Hero. Being impatient to see and thank him, he advanc'd towards him, but perceived he was coming to prevent him. The two Princes drew near, and the King of *Harran* finding *Codadad* in that brave Warrior, who had just then succour'd him, or rather defeated his Enemies, became motionless with the Joy and Surprize. Sir, said *Codadad* to him, you have sufficient Cause to be astonish'd, seeing a Man appear on a sudden before your Majesty, whom perhaps you concluded to be dead. I should have been so, had not Heaven preserv'd me still against your Enemies. O! my Son, cry'd the King, is it possible that you are restor'd to me? Alas! I despaired of seeing you any more. Having so said, he stretched out his Arms to the young Prince, who flew to such loving Embraces.

I know all, my Son, said the King again, after having long held him in his Arms; I know what return my Sons have made you for the Service you did in delivering them out of the Hands of the Black; but you shall be revenged to-morrow. Let us now go to the Palace; your Mother, who has

wept sufficiently for you, expects me, to rejoice with us for the Defeat of our Enemies. What a Joy will it be to her to be informed, that my Victory is your Handy-work. Sir, said *Codadad*, give me leave to ask you, How you could come to know the Adventure of the Castle? Has any of my Brothers, repenting, owned the thing to you? No, answered the King, the Princess of *Deryabar* has given us an Account of all Things, for she is in my Palace, and came thither to demand Justice against your Brothers. *Codadad* was in a Transport of Joy, to understand that the Princess, his Wife was at the Court. Let us go, Sir, cried he to his Father in a Rapture, let us go see my Mother, who waits for us. I have an ardent Desire to dry up her Tears, as well as those of the Princess of *Deryabar*.

The King immediately returned to the City, with his Army, which he dismissed, entering his Palace victorious, amidst the Acclamations of the People, who followed him in Crowds, praying to Heaven to prolong his Life, and extolling *Codadad* to the Skies. These two Princes found *Pirouze*, and her Daughter-in-Law, waiting for the King to congratulate him; but there is no expressing the Transports of Joy they felt, when they saw the young Prince come with him: They dissolved in Embraces, mixed with Tears, but of a different Sort from those they had before shed for him. When these four Persons had performed all that

ENTERTAINMENTS. 151

that the Ties of Blood and Love demanded of them, the Question was ask'd of *Pirouze's* Son, by what Miracle he came to be still alive.

He answer'd, that a Peasant, mounted on a Mule, happening accidentally to come into the Tent, where he lay senseless, and perceiving him alone, and stabb'd in several Places, had made him fast on his Mule, and carried him to his House, where he apply'd to his Wounds certain Herbs chew'd, which had recover'd him in a few Days. When I found myself well, added he, I returned Thanks to the Peasant, and gave him all the Diamonds I had. Then I drew near to the City of *Harran*; but being inform'd by the way, that some neighbouring Princes had gather'd Forces, and were coming to fall upon the King's Subjects, I made myself known to the Villages, and stirr'd up those People to stand upon their Guard. I arm'd a good Number of young Men, and heading them, happen'd to come in at the time when the two Armies were engag'd.

When he had done speaking, the King said, Let us return Thanks to God for having preserv'd *Codadad*; but it is requisite that the Traytors, who would have destroy'd him, should perish this Day. Sir, answer'd the generous Son of *Pirouze*, tho' they are wicked and ungrateful, consider they are your own Flesh and Blood: They are my Brothers; I forgive them the Offence, and beg Pardon of you for them. This Generosity drew Tears from the King,
who

who caus'd the People to be assembled, and declar'd *Codadad* his Heir. Then he order'd the Princes, who were Prisoners, to be brought loaded with Irons. *Pirouze's* Son struck off their Chains, and embrac'd them all successively, with as much Sincerity as he had done in the Court of the Black's Castle. The People were charm'd with *Codadad's* Good-nature, and highly applauded him. Next, he nobly rewarded the Surgeon, to requite the Service he had done the Princess of *Deryabar*.

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